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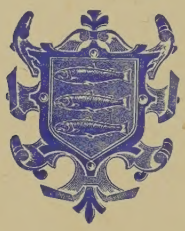

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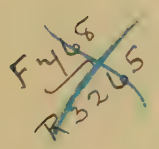

BY

E. A. JUDGES

AUTHOR OF 'IN AND AROUND GUILDFORD: OLD AND NEW'

With an Introduction

BY

THE RIGHT HON. VISCOUNT MIDLETON

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PREFACE

THE distinctive charm and picturesqueness of our South-West Surrey villages, some of the notable men and deeds associated with their annals, some links with the past which may still be traced—these are the subjects to which the following pages are devoted. I have made on attempt to supply the copious detail for which we turn to the works of the county or parish historian; nor have I sought to dwell at any length upon many of the interesting questions on which the antiquary and the careful student of Church architecture would assuredly enlarge. My aim has been much more modest, and will be fully achieved if I have succeeded in indicating to all who know and love West Surrey somewhat of the store of information concerning men and things of bygone days which may be discovered in the village records of a singularly fascinating corner of the county.

As the phrase just used implies, the rambles I describe have been confined to a very small portion of Surrey. Some boundary had to be defined if the scope of the book was to be kept within reasonable limits, and none seemed more convenient on the whole than the rather arbitrary lines which mark the area of the South-Western (or Guildford) Parliamentary Division of the county. The chief towns in this area—Guildford, Godalming, Farnham, and Haslemere—full of interest though their history is, obviously lie outside my present purpose. Haslemere, it is true, has not yet attained official municipal status, but its recent growth has unquestionably robbed it of its title any longer to be ranked with the old-time villages of our countryside.

Mention is made in the text of some of the writers to whose well-known works I have referred. Needless to say, Aubrey's 'Perambulation,' Manning and Bray's exhaustive volumes, and Brayley's useful compilation

have been indispensable. Mr. H. E. Malden's scholarly history of the county, and Mr. Ralph Nevill's well-known volume on 'Cottage Architecture in South-West Surrey' have similarly been freely drawn upon.

I have also gratefully to acknowledge the very cordial assistance accorded by many well-known residents. My thanks are specially due to the Lord-Lieutenant, who, in forwarding the introductory note which bears his signature, mentions two points of interest that may be conveniently referred to here. Thus Lord Midleton suggests that the Thor stone which is mentioned by Mr. Baring Gould in his 'Broom Squire,' and which is the boundary-stone of the junction of the three parishes of Thursley, Elstead and Peper Harow, is not, according to local tradition, the true Thor stone, and has evidently been erected as a boundary-stone. Lord Midleton believes that Mr. Baring Gould was misled by Mrs. Gooch of Thursley, who, he understands, is now convinced of the mistake. The real stone is said to be that near Cricklestone Hill, north-east of that indicated, and close to the spot where the manors of Thursley and Peper Harow join.

Lord Midleton also gives the following as among the old Surrey names which go back to the Conquest, and even to an earlier date, and are still in current use in West Surrey: Stovold, Enticknap, Evershed, Chalcraft, Covert or Cover, Steere, Heather, Caryll, Boxall, Snelling, Harpe.

I have further to thank Lord Ashcombe for kindly permitting me to reproduce some old prints from the unique collection in his possession, and for help in other ways too numerous to specify I am indebted to, among others, the Earl of Onslow, Sir George Bonham, Sir W. C. Roberts-Austen, Ven. Archdeacon Sapte, Canon Dundas, R.D., Canon Musgrave, R.D., the Revs. G. G. Harvey, E. Hill, W. H. Winn, and E. Dean, Messrs. R. M. Bray, K.C., A. E. Anderson, R. J. Askew, H. Fairmaner, T. J. Lacy, S. Rowland, A. W. R. Sowman, George Tayler, George Unwin, and David Williamson.

E. A. J.

INTRODUCTION

ALL who appreciate the extreme beauty of the tract of country bounded northwards by the Chalk Downs and southwards by the sand ridge will welcome the appearance of the volume of which these few lines are intended as a preface. It is well that some memorial should be preserved of scenes and buildings many of which are yearly changing, while some are rapidly disappearing. Could the shade of William Cobbett revisit Hindhead, he would fail to recognise in the villas of the Surrey Switzerland the unprofitable wastes upon which he expended so much needless indignation. Next to the exquisite beauty of its village greens and downs and commons, enough still remains of the rural architecture of Surrey to give the county a charm of its own.

'So far more safe the vassal than the lord' is an old Surrey proverb, the truth of which no one can fail to recognise who compares the number and picturesqueness of the half-timbered cottages, and of some old farm-houses, with the comparatively modern mansions built by owners of the soil, who have changed far more rapidly than their humbler dependants. Their memory will at least be preserved in the pages of this volume, when their place will probably know them no more. The author has entered upon his task as a labour of love, and has earned the gratitude of all, and they are legion, who are familiar with the matchless beauty of a district now brought within an hour of the great Metropolis.

Introduction

It is well that pen and pencil should have combined to chronicle its attractions. There are names of yeomen and husbandmen still familiar in some districts, the owners of which can be traced back in old leases and terriers, even to Domesday Book itself.

The dry and somewhat barren soil, so great an attraction to residents in the present day, was not coveted by the Norman conquerors, into whose hands the manors of Earl Harold, comprising nearly the whole of Surrey, passed after the Battle of Hastings. The dozen or so of his retainers, among whom the Conqueror parcelled them out, built but few castles for themselves, and were well content to let their tenants construct their own residences where the land was fit for tillage, leaving the remainder undisturbed in all its natural beauty of woodland, gorse and heather. And thus it comes about that, within thirty-five miles of London, there are some 600 tracts of open common within the county, left in much the same condition in which they were when the Thanes, who were once their owners, died almost to a man for England under the banner of their chosen monarch. To preserve at least the memory of what is passing away is a task well worthy of those who love Nature in all her beauty, and care to recall the daily life, habits, and artistic tastes of bygone generations.

MIDLETON.

SOME WEST SURREY VILLAGES

CHAPTER I

GOMSHALL AND SHERE

I HAVE marked out but a small corner of Surrey for the purposes of these desultory rambles—so small that the sturdy pedestrian could easily traverse it from east to west, or north to south, in less than a day, and the energetic cyclist could ride round its boundaries in the same space of time with no special exertion. But its interest and attractiveness to the leisurely rambler are not to be judged by such standards as these; and, narrow as our limits may appear on the map, we shall find ourselves amply repaid, I am confident, for the quiet sauntering, with frequent pause and digression, that we have in view.

In nothing, indeed, is West Surrey more remarkable than in the variety of its scenery. Although almost its whole extent may be easily visible on a clear day from any one of its well-known view-points, we shall know no monotony of scene. We shall pass from tall chalk cliffs to leafy glen; from trim village green to broad seas of furze and heather; from the banks of placid streamlets, through thick growths of pine and larch, to the summits of the sandhills which overlook the wide expanse of the Weald, with the South Downs looming as a dim blue line on the horizon. This assuredly is a country to saunter in and to linger in. We profane it by hastening through it from end to end at racing speed; and, though in historical tradition or legendary lore its inheritance may be less than that with which the wild country of the West or the Border has been endowed, we shall find that there is not a village—nay, scarcely a hamlet—which cannot claim some link with the past, some notable name or memory,

some relic of bygone days worthy of passing thought, on the part, at least, of those over whom Surrey has thrown her spell.

I can promise little of the minute detail which the soul of the antiquary loveth. Enough for our purpose if the cursory gleanings of a leisurely rambler serve to indicate something of the human interest that fittingly supplements the charm with which Nature has endowed the hills and dales and breezy heathlands of South-West Surrey.

It was Grant Allen's conviction that for 'quiet English scenery in its highest form of perfection, one could not do better than try the long straight dale' along which the Tillingbourne runs from the lower slopes of Leith Hill to the Wey.

In the same strain of hearty admiration Blackmore wrote in 'Dariel'—for, as every Surrey reader recognised, the 'Pebblebourne' of the story could be no other than our Tillingbourne—'a very lovely valley winding wherever it ought to wind, and timbered just where it should be, with the music of a bright brook to make it lively, and the distance of the hills to keep it sheltered from the world.'

We can, therefore, scarcely hope to choose a better approach than this valley affords to the fragment of Surrey which we are about to explore. The pastoral peace, the rich, rural beauty of the vale, flanked on the one side by the bold escarpment of the chalk downs, and on the other side by the woods and glens and heaths which cover the northern slopes of the sandhills, form a fitting prelude to the wilder and still more varied regions which we shall presently reach.

It would be pleasant to begin this our first ramble high up on the uplands, where the Abingbourne and the Tillingbourne rise, and to follow the stream after the two rivulets have joined forces—from Abinger village, perched up some 700 feet above sea-level, down to Abinger Hammer, whose marshy lowlands were the home of the medieval iron-works of which we shall hear more anon. But as our present purpose is rigidly to confine ourselves within the boundaries of South-West Surrey, we will join the Tillingbourne Valley at the hamlet of Gomshall, just mid-way between Guildford and Dorking.

It matters little indeed by what route we approach our starting-point —whether by rail from east or west; on foot over the Downs, across the wild 'no man's land' of Netley Heath, and down the steep descent of

Colekitchen Lane; by the main-road from Dorking, which carries us past Westcott and the glorious woods of Wotton—whatever our route, our first impression of the hamlet will be favourable. Seen beneath a summer sky, its pretty cottages overgrown with jasmine, roses, and honeysuckle, 'its wild waterside vegetation, its great gardens of lush watercress,' charm the eye at once.

Gomshall has been spared by the speculating builder. Despite a rebuilt tannery, we can say of it to-day, just as Grant Allen said of it fifteen or sixteen years ago, that it 'still remains in the bowery, flowery stage of the

NETLEY MILL AND POND.

native English village.' Its mill-pond still retains its old-time aspect—note that the dam that confines the brook rises almost to a level with the old tiled roofs of the small buildings below; and the Tillingbourne in these parts, happily, is still a pure and peaceful stream, with a profusion of rushes on its banks, and a rich growth of Canadian water-weed upon its bottom.

In such surroundings we may well be tempted to linger. But the hamlet boasts little of historical or antiquarian interest that need detain us, and as yet we are only on the threshold of the Tillingbourne country.

Moreover, we could hardly wish for a pleasanter mile of main-road rambling than that which lies before us when we bend our steps towards Shere. Fine elms and beeches meet overhead; the soft music of the stream now and again whispers in our ears. Netley Pond, chill and desolate-looking on a dull winter's day, picturesque and placid beneath a cloudless sky, is presently to be seen on our left. On our right, on the slope of the down, we speedily descry Netley House and Netley Woods, the name they bear carrying us back to the distant days when the property belonged to the Netley Monastery in Hampshire. Soon we reach Shere.

I can attempt no eulogy of Shere. Often praised, I do not think it has been overpraised. A more charming scene than that on which one looks from the churchyard, or the banks of the stream just above the church, it is difficult to name. But the pen must signally fail in any endeavour to catalogue characteristics or indicate picturesque nooks and corners which have again and again tested the artist's skill to the utmost.

For though Shere may not eclipse Newlyn in its 'school' of artists, it is essentially the home of art. Is there any other village in the country which can point as Shere can to a single house which has in turn been the residence of three Royal Academicians—Gilbert, Holl, and Boehm? For years past, too, Shere and the surrounding country has proved the training-ground—the nursery, if I may use the term—of many a landscape-painter, notably of the gifted young artists who have made their way South from Scotland. Sir Arthur Clay resided here for some time, while Mr. B. W. Leader's intimate connection with the village dates back nearly to the sixties.

Mr. Leader, whose home at Burrows Cross on the uplands south of the village was originally built for and owned by Frank Holl, will tell you that, though thirty or forty years have elapsed since he and Vicat Cole were first busy hereabouts, the district still possesses the same charm that it owned then for the landscape-painter. To-day, indeed, it wears almost the same guise that it wore half a century since, save, perhaps, for the large new houses scattered here and there among the hills. And to-day, as of yore, its sandy lanes, its narrow valleys, its wealth of larch and pine, its bits of gorse-clad common and heath, are prolific in subjects which never weary. Mr. Leader himself frankly confesses that most of his well-known Surrey scenes are to be found within a very short distance of Burrows Cross, and not a few of them actually within its

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THE TILLINGBOURNE AT GOMSHALL.

To face p. 4.

grounds. A group of fir-trees not twenty yards from his studio has figured more than once on the walls of Burlington House.

Shere can boast of other associations of interest besides those which spring from its connection with recent English art. Even though I intentionally refrain from any attempt to sketch its history in detail, I must not omit mention of some names in its annals that were once prominent in the noisier and busier outside world. And with such topics in view, to say nothing of the heed which must be paid to its smuggling and sheep-stealing legends, and its vanished importance as a seat of the cloth trade, we need make but passing allusion to the familiar controversy as to the spelling of the village place-name.

'Essira' in Domesday, 'Schyre' in the twelfth century, 'Schire' in the thirteenth, 'Shyre' in the fourteenth, 'Shere' in the fifteenth, 'Schyre' again, as well as 'Shere' and 'Sheire,' in the sixteenth, 'Shere' in Aubrey, 'Shire' in the first Census of 1801, and in Manning and Bray, 'Sheire' in the opinion, apparently, of the South-Eastern Railway Company when they built their 'Gomshall and Sheire' station, and 'Shere' again in general acceptance nowadays—here unquestionably is abundant controversial material. But to all such controversies let us cry truce, and agree that 'Essira—Shire—Shere' represents, not 'Shire' in the wide sense in which we know the term, but a detached portion or share of a larger territory.

And having thus cleared the ground of one preliminary stumbling-block, let us turn for a few minutes to other and more significant vicissitudes in local history. Of these changes we shall find useful outward and visible hints if we enter the church—where judicious repair has happily taken the place of reckless 'restoration'—and note three of its most interesting mementos of bygone days. I refer to (1) the mutilated brass of John Touchet (or Towchat), Lord Audley; (2) the three red roses in the scraps of fifteenth-century glass in the window of the north chapel; and (3) the Bray, or hemp-breaker, which has served for so many centuries as the crest of the family of Bray. And to discern the true significance of these memorials of the past we must dip slightly into the dry pages of manorial records.

First, then, we note that just at the end of the thirteenth century the manor of 'Essira' was split up into two portions: one, comprising a part of the parish of Shere and the hamlet and park of La Vacharie, was

known as 'Shere Vachery'; the other, which included a further portion of Shere, and extended also into the parishes of Cranleigh and Rudgwick, was known as 'Shere Eboracum.' The former became the property of the Butlers, the Earls of Ormond, who figure so conspicuously in Irish history, and was, in fact, their chief English seat. On the other hand, Shere Eboracum, after many changes of ownership, passed into the hands of Richard, Duke of York, round whose pretensions to the throne the Wars of the Roses centred, who, after his defeat at Wakefield, was hurried to the block, and whose head, crowned in mockery with a paper diadem, is said to have been impaled on the walls of the city from which he took his title.

It was fortunate for Shere and its neighbourhood that Surrey, to a great extent, escaped the devastation which this civil strife wrought in so many portions of the country. For while Shere Eboracum was in the hands of the Duke of York, and many of the chief land-owners of the county were on the same side, the Butlers of Shere Vachery were sturdy Lancastrians, as the red roses in the parish church serve to remind us to-day. Thus, living, so to speak, side by side, partly in the same parish, and with but the thin manorial boundary-line between them, the adherents of the two households were ranged in opposite camps. Happy indeed was it if they were not drawn into the fierce combat, which left so deep a mark in many an English home and homestead.

But though Shere itself seems to have passed through the time of crisis peacefully enough, it was not long before James Butler, fifth Earl of Ormond, of Shere Vachery, met with as sad a fate as his nominal neighbour, the Duke of York. Within a year, in fact, the Yorkists had avenged their defeat at Wakefield in the bloody victory of Towton Field, and Ormond was among the victims who were sent to their death at Newcastle. Truly those were troublous times, as, indeed, almost the next page in the annals of Shere Manor further testifies. But before we pass on, we ought, I think, to note that Shere has some cause to hold the Butlers in grateful remembrance, for the mansion at Vachery was their favourite English residence. The house, long since pulled down, was probably the most important place in the neighbourhood, since, of all the leading families who owned estates in this part of Surrey, that of the Butlers seems to have been the only one that was constantly resident. To them, possibly, Shere owed its early pre-eminence in this portion of the

countryside; and, more probably than not, their benefactions, with the impetus which flowed also from the visits of the Canterbury pilgrims, materially helped forward the work of Church enlargement which bit by bit transformed the old Norman church mentioned in Domesday into the building of the size and character we see before us now.

On Ormond's death Shere Vachery was escheated to the Crown, and by Edward IV. it was granted to Touchet, Lord Audley, whose brass is the next relic of the past which claims our attention. In the hands of this family, however, the estate was not destined to remain long; for Audley's son and heir, James, 'was a ruined man such as are apt for wild rebellions,' and became one of the leaders of the Cornish Revolt in 1497. Marching from the West through Somerset and Wiltshire to Winchester, and then across Surrey—probably by the Pilgrims' Way—the rebels passed the last resting-place of their leader's father in Shere Church on their way to Blackheath. There the final fight took place. The insurgents were decisively beaten; Audley was taken prisoner, led from Newgate to Tower Hill in a paper coat torn and painted with his arms reversed, and there beheaded.

High among Henry VII.'s advisers at this time was Sir Reginald Bray, against whom the rebels, in their outcry against taxation, were loud in their clamour. It seems probable that Sir Reginald came into possession of the Manor of Shere some little time before James Touchet met a traitor's death on Tower Hill. But, whatever the exact date of this transfer, it was at this juncture, and, broadly, under these circumstances, that the close connection was established between the family of Bray and the parish of Shere which is indicated in the hemp-breaker in the fragments of old glass still to be seen in the parish church, and which has since been maintained in unbroken succession for more than four centuries.

Of Reginald Bray himself, as well as of one of his descendants to whom Surrey folk will always be indebted, I shall have more to say hereafter. But we must not quit the church without a passing glance at two other memorials upon its walls. The brass of Robert Sawcliffe, or Scarcliffe, who was Rector of the parish at the beginning of the fifteenth century, perpetuates the memory of a singularly kindly parson. In his will—one of many wills containing quaint bequests by former residents which have been preserved—he provided that his bier should be covered with just 24 yards—no more and no less—of black cloth, which after his

funeral should be given to poor parishioners to pray for his soul and the souls of his benefactors. Further, two torches, of 5 pounds each, were to be kept burning, one at the head, the other at the foot, of his tomb; and, finally, after other legacies had been provided for, the residue of his goods was to be sold and distributed either to poor old couples burdened with large families or to poor maids for their marriage. Evidently Parson Sawcliffe, just four centuries ago, had discerned little social difficulties among his flock which are with us to this day; and for this kindly thought he certainly deserved to have the 'honest priest to sing for his soul for a year and longer, if possible, in the church of Schyre,' for whom provision was also made in his last will and testament.

Finally, we cannot fail to observe the tablet which tells us how a certain Mr. Edward Woods, late of Kingston, provided, in 1857, for a curious observance on St. Valentine's Day which is still maintained. 'He left to this parish,' we read, '£500 in the Three per Cent. Consols' —alas! the Three per Cent. is now sadly out of date—'£2 a year each to seven widows, and £1 to the minister to preach a sermon on the 14th of February for ever.'

It is quite time, however, to turn from the manor and its records, and the church and its memorials, to the village life of Shere in the past. Sequestered as the parish is and must always have been, its quietude was broken from time to time. The summer pilgrims to and from Canterbury who sauntered along the valley between Guildford and Dorking of course made Shere one of their halting-places. Probably the rough crosses still to be detected on the chalk stones of the south doorway were wrought by their daggers; and, close to the quatrefoil and hagioscope on the north wall of the chancel, you may also discern the threshold and entrance—as the Rev. H. R. Ware conjectures*—to the hermit's cell into which the quatrefoil opened. Here some worthy anchorite may have passed his days, pleading for alms whilst keeping constant watch upon the treasures of the church.

After the stir and bustle caused by the recurring visits of the pilgrims had died away, Shere Churchyard, in keeping with the general custom of the Middle Ages, was frequently the scene of high revels. The church-wardens' accounts, happily preserved, from Henry VI.'s reign to nearly the end of that of Elizabeth, make frequent mention of these festivities.

* See 'Three Surrey Churches.'

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A GLIMPSE OF SHERE CHURCH.

To face p. 8

Thus, we read of a 'wake' on the Day of Pentecost which brought in 56s.—no small sum, be it remembered, in those days. Again, the 'King-game' was played with profit at least twice whilst Henry VIII. was on the throne. On 'Hokmonday' 8s. was received from the collection of pennies by the married women; while at a 'drinking' made by one John Redford at his own expense no less than £7 3s. 4d. was collected from strangers attending at his instance.

Shere, however, was not wholly given over to revelry. Aubrey—whose perambulations in Surrey began in 1673, and extended over twenty years—tells us that the village was 'considerable for the fustian weavers, and has been so anciently.' Nay, more, he recorded the legend that the parsonage was 'built on wooll-packs, in the same manner that Our Lady's Church at Salisbury was; that it is likely enough some tax might be laid on the woolpacks towards the building of it.' As to this latter theory, there is, perhaps, something to be said for the explanation one writer has suggested, that the foundations of the house may have been laid on woolsacks filled with concrete. However this may be, we know, of course, that the cloth trade, which flourished in Guildford in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, extended into several of the neighbouring villages, and Shere among the number probably found in it a source of profit, or at least a means of subsistence for the fair-sized community which had gathered round the church.

In Shere, as in Guildford, the time came when this industry passed away. In later years the village could boast of a small market, and residents still living can recall the days when, as a relic of market-day customs, the farmers would meet at the White Horse once a week to learn the news from the weekly paper.

Less than a century ago smuggling and sheep-stealing were not unknown in the district. London Lane—which starts almost from the centre of the village to climb the steep face of the Downs—was just the type of unfrequented bypath which best served the purpose of the illegitimate trader, whose pack-horse, with his burden of contraband goods, stealthily made his way from the coast over the South Downs and through the forest. Mr. Askew, well informed as he is in all that relates to Shere's past, can throw no light upon the history of the exceptionally capacious cellars of his interesting old house, the White Horse. But bearing in mind the reputation which Shere and Albury enjoyed during

the latter part of the reign of the third George, we may not unreasonably assume that such spacious and convenient hiding-places as these were turned to account for other than purely agricultural purposes.

Of these sheep-stealing days 'A Son of the Marshes' has given us some interesting stories in more than one of his charming volumes; and although he is careful not to identify persons or places concerned, we may not be far astray if we locate one incident he relates in the wild country which was to be found within living memory in the immediate neighbourhood of Shere. It is Maurice, an old woodman, who tells the story of the 'desprit gang in the forest,' banded together for housebreaking, smuggling, sheep-stealing, and 'all that wur bad,' and of their ultimate capture when the gentry round at last made up their minds to hunt them down like foxes. In Maurice's words: 'One o' they'—the gentry—'drove up to London in his carriage, an' he see the head people at Bow Street—his valet it was told us—and a while arter that some new, rough-lookin' customers was sin moochin' an' wanderin' round. To look at, they was a more desprit-lookin' lot than the old uns. They got in tow with 'em quick, too, and told 'em as they could take all as they could git, and would find 'em a better price by a long way than what they'd bin gettin'. They brought fast-trottin' ponies an' light spring-carts to take the game an' other things away. Some o' th' old gang, just to see what stuff the new chums was made on in case a scrimmage came, kicked up a row an' hit some on 'em. They was soon satisfied, however, fur they hit out most terrible, an' some on 'em they throwed up on their backs, with a turn o' the foot like, enuf to bust 'em. Arter that they would do anything to please 'em, and the new uns, jest to prove to 'em as all was right an' square, turned gold over to 'em, as earnest for the jobs they had before 'em. When everything was ready for action like, they planned a house-breakin' job for one thing, an' a game-harryin' bit fur another, all on it to come off the same night. The night afore that they'd done some sheep-stealin'. They was bold over it, fur they killed 'em in the fold an' they dressed 'em there, an' left the skins. The night come, an' they was full swing at their bad work, with the ponies and carts close handy, when a whistle was blowed. All at once the new mates collared 'em an' clapped a pistol to the head o' each on 'em. Other men rushed up from some hidin'-place, and the handcuffs was on 'em in a jiff afore they know'd where they was. 'Twas a rum lot o' game the carts took off that night.'

SHERE VILLAGE.

To face p. 10.

Botany Bay was the result for the culprits; the 'foresters,' in Maurice's words, were able for the first time for many years to sleep in peace, and Shere itself, needless to say, has long been as law-abiding as any parish in the county of Surrey.

Long as we have dallied in Shere, we must not quit it without reference to one further interesting name and memory. The birthplace of one historian, the village subsequently became the home of another widely famous man of letters. Seven years before George Grote's death his wife chose as their country residence a modest house with a few acres of land on the high ground south of the railway, where the latter is crossed by the road from Shere to Ewhurst. It was named The Ridgeway, after Mrs. Grote's birthplace, and in it both the historian and his widow spent their closing days. An attractive, quiet retreat it no doubt was for a City banker, who, while eminent also as a writer, a philosopher, a politician, was always shy. And what memories of the great Reform struggle, of the early fight for the ballot, of the rejoicings in 'History Hut' on the completion of her husband's 'History of Greece,' of Mendelssohn, Chopin, Liszt, Jenny Lind, and Ary Scheffer, to name only a few of her distinguished friends, Mrs. Grote brought with her to this Surrey home. To the last she retained her masterful self-reliance, her almost overpowering individuality, and her true kindness of heart. 'She reigned wherever she went,' we are told.

In Shere she was respected and admired, and in a sense feared. To the villagers to this day she is 'Madame Grote' of august memory. The old-fashioned yellow carriage in which she constantly drove was a familiar subject of comment, and some Guildfordians to-day can still recall her visits to the town, and the air of queenly supremacy with which she accepted her husband's deferential homage as he escorted her to and from her carriage. When at the ripe age of eighty-seven she entered into her rest, her body was borne to Shere Churchyard by her village neighbours, the older generation of whom still have a kindly place for her in their thoughts.

CHAPTER II

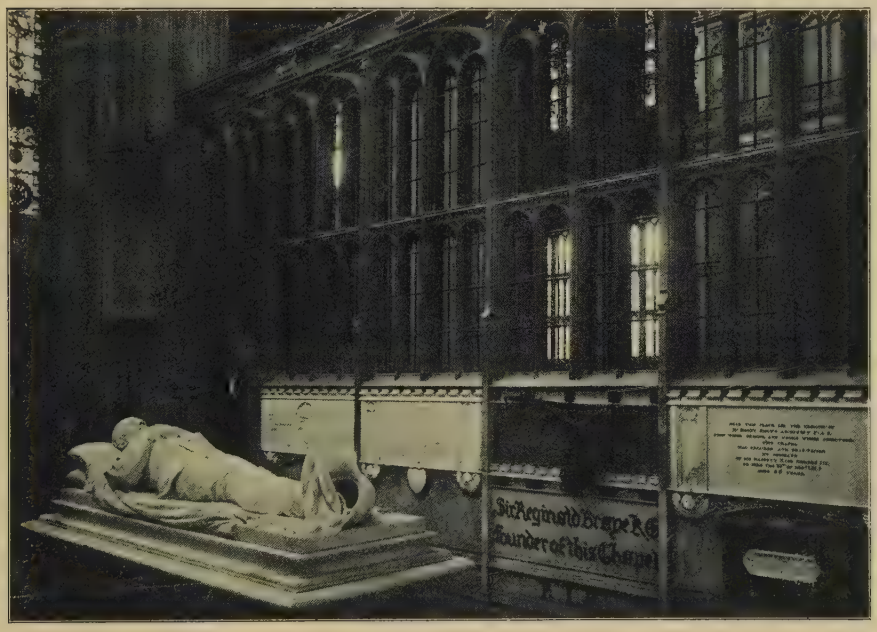
REGINALD BRAY AND WILLIAM BRAY

HAVE incidentally noted in the preceding chapter the close and unbroken connection which has existed for over four centuries between the family of Bray and the manor and parish of Shere. In this long record two names are specially conspicuous, and there would be but scant excuse if we quitted the village without gossiping awhile concerning the life-work of both Reginald and William Bray.

Reginald Bray, on whom, as we have seen, Henry VII. bestowed the manor, was much more than a Surrey squire. Warrior and church-builder, courtier and politician, his crest is fully entitled to the prominence it enjoys in Westminster Abbey and St. George's Chapel, Windsor. We can trace the story of his career only in outline from the records that have come down to us. But even in this rough form it is full of incident and interest, and not without the element of romance so often to be found in the lives of the strong men who won their way to the front in the stirring days at the close of the Wars of the Roses and the founding of the Tudor dynasty.

The part that Bray played in those epoch-making changes was all the more noteworthy, since he owed his advancement mainly to his own merit. Belonging to a family of some standing in Bedfordshire and Bucks, his fortunes seem to have been linked early in life with those of the Countess of Richmond. We know, at least, that he was receiver-general and steward of the household to her second husband, Sir Henry Stafford, and the degree to which he had earned the confidence of the Countess and her connections secured him his first opportunity of winning distinction on a wider field. This opportunity arose when Morton, Bishop of Ely, conceived, with the Duke of Buckingham, the daring scheme of uniting the

discontented Yorkists with the remnants of the Lancastrian party by the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Earl of Richmond, and the latter's advancement to the throne. Morton was then the Duke's prisoner at Brecknock, and Bray was recommended by the Bishop for the communication of the affair to the Countess as an old friend who was in her service, 'a man sober, secret, and well-witted, whose prudent policy had compassed matters of great importance.' To Brecknock, accordingly, Bray was summoned, and there the design was first disclosed to him. He returned to the Countess, and, having obtained her consent to the marriage, was



THE BRAY CHAPEL, ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

sent by her on a secret mission to Henry in Brittany to prepare him for the high honour in store for him if he would swear to marry Elizabeth of York.

At the outset all seemed to go well with the scheme and Bray's part in it. But, as we all know, the first attempt to carry it fully into effect, under Buckingham's leadership, utterly failed. Henry, unable even to land, was driven back to Brittany; Buckingham paid the penalty of his failure with his head. For a time the prospect seemed quite hopeless. The story even got abroad that Richard meant to marry Elizabeth himself;

while Henry, influenced possibly by this rumour, contemplated wedding a sister of Sir W. Herbert, who was all-powerful in Wales.

Richard, however, was compelled by popular clamour to disown the marriage attributed to him, and Henry's relations and supporters—Bray among them—saw their opportunity as the popular discontent with Richard's rule grew in bitterness and volume. At length the die was cast, and Henry landed at Milford Haven and advanced into Leicestershire.

Now, circumstances combined to make Bray's position at this juncture distinctly critical. After the abortive Buckingham revolt his mistress, who had married Lord Stanley as her third husband, had been deprived of her lands by Richard for conspiring in her son's favour. Richard, however, had thought it politic to treat the Stanleys as loyal friends. Accordingly Lady Margaret's name was not included in the general act of attainder, but her husband was granted the use of her lands for life, provided he kept his wife 'securely in some quiet place, without any servant or company,' that she might not stir up more intrigues. Bray, however, remained faithful to his mistress and Stanley.

Naturally enough, Richard, directly after Henry had landed, bethought him of Margaret and her household. He ordered Stanley to repair to him at Nottingham, or send his son Lord Strange in his place. When the son was sent, the King intimated to the father that his presence also would be required, as the case was urgent. Lord Stanley pleaded sickness, and Richard's suspicions, already strong, were amply confirmed when Lord Strange, after vainly attempting to escape, confessed that the whole family had been in communication with the enemy. Still, however, he averred that his father intended to join the King's standard, and he consented to remain as hostage for his father's loyalty.

Under these conditions Stanley, with his household, took care to preserve the appearance of good faith as long as it was possible to do so. But his real intentions were apparent enough to Richard just before Bosworth, when the latter asked for immediate help from the Earl and was refused. The King's reply was to order Lord Strange to be beheaded forthwith. Fortunately, some of his attendants procured a respite of the sentence until the issue of the battle had been declared. The issue was not long in doubt, and doubt was changed to certainty when Stanley, who had cautiously held aloof at the outset, deemed it safe to throw in his lot with Henry.

The sequel is familiar enough to all of us. It was Reginald Bray who found the King's crown in a hawthorn bush, and it was Stanley who placed it on Henry's head on the battle-field, while the men raised the memorable and significant salute, 'Henry! King Henry! King Henry!'

Bray's services were promptly and generously rewarded. At Henry's coronation he was created a Knight of the Bath. Within a year he was appointed keeper for life of the royal parks at Guildford, Henley and Pirbright. Moreover, the King's full confidence thus won was retained to the last—nay, was strengthened as the years passed. He and Morton and Fox (afterwards Bishop of Winchester, of whom we are reminded at Farnham Castle by the tower which still bears his name) were the leading members of the King's Council; and Bray's position in this triumvirate was so conspicuous that, as we have seen in the case of the Cornish revolt, whenever a tax was felt to be offensive, the people were apt to blame him for it. Bacon, too, has left it on record that Bray had the greatest freedom with the King of any counsellor, although he significantly adds that it was 'but a freedom the better to set off flattery.' Both Bacon and popular opinion seem, however, to have been unjust to Bray. There is good reason for believing that he and Morton were, in fact, the two counsellors who dared to remonstrate, and did actually remonstrate, most freely with Henry on any act of injustice.

On the whole, therefore, I fancy we may legitimately think of Bray, the King's counsellor, in the kindly words of Hall: 'a very father of his country, a safe and grave person, and a fervent lover of justice, insomuch that if anything had been done against good law or equitie, he would after a humble fassion plainly reprehende the King, and give him good advertesement how to reforme that offence and to be more circumspect in another lyke case.'

Whatever our verdict on Bray, Henry, it is clear, both trusted and enriched him. He was endowed with many an estate, and promoted to many a high and profitable office; and the wealth and the influence thus obtained he turned to account in at least one direction for which we have cause to thank him to-day. Both St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster, owe much to his architectural taste and skill. In the case of the former he seems to have been chiefly responsible for the carrying out of the improvements ordered by the King. His arms and device are to be seen again and again in the ceiling and the

windows. Some of the nails in the doors have hemp-breakers for their heads. The chapel in the middle of the south aisle, known to-day as the Bray Chapel, was built by him to receive his body, and in his will he provided that his executors should, 'with all the goods and issues and profits of his lands, make and perform the new works of the body of the said church, and thoroughly finish them according to the form and intent of the foundation.' He left, too, a benefaction of 40 marks a year to the Dean and Canons for distribution among '13 poor men and women at the door of the said chapel.'

Bray, I think we shall all feel, well earned the place of honour accorded to both his name and his body in the most beautiful of the royal chapels of this country. But not less fitting is it that his memory should be linked with Henry VII.'s chapel at Westminster. It is not merely that he was the official architect of the chapel, and as such laid the foundation-stones, in conjunction with the prior and others, 'at a quarter to three,' as the records precisely relate, on January 24, 1503—though he died long before the work was complete. But, as Dean Stanley has pointed out, the chapel itself, in so much of its adornment, typifies the union of Henry's right of conquest with his claim of hereditary descent. On the one hand it is a glorification of the victory of Bosworth; on the other hand, like King's College Chapel at Cambridge, it asserts everywhere memories which carry us back to John of Gaunt.

And when we think of Bray's first journey to Brecknock, to be there apprised of the union of the two Roses which Morton and Buckingham had conceived; of his secret mission to Brittany to win Henry's adhesion to the scheme; and, finally, of the curious turn in Fortune's wheel which made him the finder of the crown thus boldly won, we can scarcely help feeling that the planning of such a sanctuary could not have been entrusted to more appropriate hands than his.

We have wandered far from Shere and its peaceful valley in thus briefly tracing the fortunes of the Lord of the Manor to whom the first of the Tudor Sovereigns was much indebted. But though we may have no reason to think that Reginald Bray's architectural talents were ever exhibited on Shere Church, it is pleasant to trace the connecting-links which may be said to exist between this Surrey valley and church and the stately piles at Windsor and Westminster.

Nor ought we to pass on without recalling the debt due to another

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WILLIAM BRAY IN HIS 97TH YEAR.

Joint Author of Manning and Bray's 'History of Surrey.

(From the portrait painted and engraved by John Linnell.)

To face p. 16.

member of the same family, whose virtues are eulogized on a memorial tablet on the south wall of the church. For when we in Surrey refer to our Brayley or our Murray or our local guide-book, we are still profiting by the labours of William Bray. To Manning and Bray's history of the county, which first saw the light in three folio volumes in 1809 to 1814, every student of Surrey's past must sooner or later turn.

Compared with the career of his illustrious ancestor, William Bray's life was singularly uneventful. Born in Shere in 1736, he became the articled pupil of John Martyr, a prominent solicitor in Guildford, and, after practising on his own account in London, he was appointed a clerk of the Board of Green Cloth, through the good offices of John Evelyn of Wotton. All through his life his leisure hours were given to literary and antiquarian studies. He was a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and a frequent contributor to its journal. But though he published early in life an account of his journeyings in the Midlands and the North, he was well advanced in years before he employed himself upon the work with which his name is chiefly associated. Late in the eighteenth century his friend, Dr. Owen Manning, Vicar of Godalming and Rector of Peper Harow, conceived the project of compiling the first comprehensive history of Surrey which had been attempted since Aubrey's gossipy pages were penned. Manning, however, died with the greater part of his task still undone. Bray undertook to complete it. The labour involved was great, and Bray performed it with the utmost conscientiousness. Thirteen or fourteen years elapsed before the last sheets left the printer's hands. Meanwhile Bray had visited every parish and church in the county, and as the outcome of his zeal and research produced a history which ranks to this day among the best works of its class and period in our language. This was the achievement, we should remember, of a septuagenarian scholar, for Bray was in his sixty-fifth year when Manning died, and seventy-eight when the history which bears their joint name was complete.

Even now, however, Bray was not content to be idle. No sooner was the history out of hand than he set to work upon the preparation of the memoirs of his neighbour and patron Evelyn. This, again, was no trivial undertaking, for John Evelyn's diary extended over 700 quarto pages 'in a very small, close hand,' besides a smaller volume dealing with the last nine years of his life. Practically the whole of this mass of

matter was transcribed by Bray with his own hand between his eightieth and eighty-third birthday. How can we who live in a shorthand and type-writing generation withhold a meed of genuine admiration for the patient industry of this venerable lawyer-scholar?

William Bray himself was also a diarist, in deference to the fashion of his time. In his careful notes we read of the meetings of a social club which had its rendezvous from time to time at Wotton Hatch and Dorking, and we get glimpses, too, of personal travelling expenses in suggestive contrast to present-day charges. Sixpence for breakfast at the Jolly Farmer, Bramley; £1 4s. for a fortnight's board and lodging in London; 2s. for dinner and wine at the King's Head, Dorking. Conceive the feelings of a Surrey squire nowadays if confronted with hotel or club tariff framed on this modest scale.

CHAPTER III

HENRY DRUMMOND AND ALBURY

WHEN we ramble on from Shere to Albury, let us leave the main-road and turn to the left by the White Horse along the lane known as Lower Street. Passing many a quaint old cottage, we follow the course of the Tillingbourne until we come to a foot-bridge across the stream. Here we note the fine avenue of limes which formerly led to the 'extraordinary good parsonage' mentioned by Aubrey as 'encompassed about with a large and deep mote' full of fish. We, however, cross this stream, and climb the hilly lane for a short distance; then, bearing to the left, we take a path which leads through Silverhill Wood, a charming bit of woodland on the outskirts of Albury Park. Presently we have a glimpse of the roof and chimneys of the mansion, and then, as we dip down towards the main-road, the 'cathedral' of the Catholic Apostolic Church comes in view.

Involuntarily the question arises, How is it that this sequestered spot in the Tillingbourne Valley, as 'sweetly environed' as Wotton itself 'with delicious streams and venerable woods,' became 'a visible kind of Bethel' for a religious body which at one time sought and hoped to implant its faith throughout Christendom? The answer is found in the curious fate which brought together two notable figures in English life seventy years ago.

Henry Drummond and Edward Irving had little enough in common when the former was a boy at Harrow and the latter one of Adam Hope's scholars in the Annan Academy. But by the inscrutable decree of fate they were to meet under the roof of Albury House in a series of conferences destined to issue in the founding of a new Church, which, whatever the final judgment passed upon its claims, must always have a place in the

history of English religious thought. To us this strange development has a special interest, inasmuch as we certainly cannot fully know and understand the Albury of to-day unless we know also something of the part which Drummond played in its history.

Henry Drummond, in Carlyle's words, was a 'singular mixture of the saint, the wit, and the philosopher'; his strongly-marked individuality ran into so many opposite extremes that there was some truth in the saying that 'his right hand was always at war with his left.' When he bought Albury in 1819, he had barely reached the prime of life; but he was already a man of note. At the head of the banking firm which bore his name, and which had been founded by his ancestors for the secret arranging of the Jacobean finances, he possessed both wealth and social position. To these inherited advantages were added exceptional intellectual gifts, a restless energy which carried him into many different spheres of activity, and a sense of duty which prompted him, in Mrs. Oliphant's words, from his youth up, to dedicate everything he had and was to the service of God as that appeared to his vivid and peculiar apprehension. Independent in judgment—at times wayward and captious to a degree only possible to a man born to great riches; in full touch with the world of society, of finance, and of politics—he had already sat for three years in the House of Commons for the borough of Plympton Earle—yet never more deeply engrossed than when studying the mysteries of faith; caustic in his criticisms of the foibles and superstitions of others, yet prepared himself to follow whithersoever his own convictions might lead him, Drummond was a marked and powerful personality in whatever circles he moved.

Early in life Drummond had attached himself to the ministry of Edward Irving, and had figured in the remarkable congregation which the great Scotch preacher had gathered round him in Hatton Garden. But the two men were not brought into close sympathy until Irving's task in translating 'Ben Ezra' began to strengthen his belief that the Second Advent was at hand, and to spur him on to the zealous study of prophecy in the light of this conviction. Kindled by the same zeal, Drummond invited Irving and other ministers and laymen who were interested in the immediate fulfilment of prophecy to meet beneath his roof at Albury in Advent, 1826, 'to compare views with respect to the prospects of the Church at the present crisis.' Irving tells the story of

the gathering with many a characteristic touch in the preface to 'Ben Ezra':

'In answer to this honourable summons, there assembled about twenty men of every rank, and Church, and orthodox communion in these realms; and, in honour of our meeting, God so ordered it that Joseph Wolff, the Jewish missionary, a son of Abraham and brother of our Lord, both according to the flesh and according to faith, should also be of the number. And here for eight days, under the roof of Henry Drummond, Esq., the present High Sheriff of the county, and under the moderation of the

ALBURY HOUSE IN DRUMMOND'S TIME.

(From an old engraving.)

Rev. Hugh M'Neile, the Rector of the parish of Albury, we spent six full days in close and laborious examination of the Scriptures.'

Irving proceeds to show how a day was set apart for each subject, and how the labour of each day was divided into three parts. First came a 'morning diet' before breakfast, when the subject of the day was 'opened' by a member of the party previously chosen. At the mid-day diet at eleven o'clock, after prayer (generally by Drummond), each member was asked to state his convictions on the subject laid before them in the morning. This diet lasted four, and sometimes almost five, hours, and after dinner the members proceeded 'to the work of winding up and

concluding the whole subject, but in a more easy and familiar manner, as being seated round the fire of the great library room.'

We shall do both Drummond and Irving injustice if we fail to remember that the studies to which they set themselves appealed also with special force to many of the most devout Christians of the day. For this parliament of prophecy was essentially a product of the times. It was one sign of the religious awakening which in various forms followed after a long period of torpor, and which began to be manifest when the upheavals and the storm and stress of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic struggle gradually died away.

Into the movement which Irving's ardour first inspired, and whose birthplace was, as we have seen, the library of Albury House, Drummond threw himself heart and soul. The help of his purse, of his invaluable social influence, and his untiring energy, was freely given to the new cause. But some wholly unlooked-for developments speedily took place, and those members of the orthodox Evangelical party who had been most in sympathy with the Albury studies found their credulity and their loyalty tested by the strange manifestations of the gifts of tongues which were reported first in Scotland and subsequently in London among Irving's own flock.

Men of more moderate views fell away; the conference at Albury in July, 1830, was the last of the series; dissensions and difficulties ensued. Irving's expulsion from the Presbyterian Church further precipitated matters, and finally he and his sympathizers and adherents drifted together, and assumed a definite organization as a distinct religious body, firm in its belief in the imminence of the Second Advent—not less firm in its belief at that time in 'miraculous' manifestations of which it is difficult for most of us nowadays to read without a smile. In such a body as this Drummond's influence speedily proved great, if not actually paramount. To him, as to Cardale, Irving himself—then, alas! nearing the end of his too strenuous life—was subordinate.

On subsequent incidents in the early history of the new Church it is, of course, unnecessary to dwell here; but developments in Albury call for a brief notice. In the first conferences under the Squire's roof the Rev. H. M'Neile, a prominent Evangelical, who was then Rector of the parish, and afterwards Dean of Ripon, had taken part. But he had drawn back when the study of the prophets had produced 'prophesyings'

on the part of the students, and later on the movement was to have in him a severe, although never a bitter, critic. So it came about that at Albury itself Mr. Drummond and the friends of the same type of thought that he gathered round him there found themselves without any definite mission and authority. The need was met by Drummond's appointment

THE CATHOLIC APOSTOLIC CATHEDRAL, ALBURY.

as pastor of the church at Albury at a gathering of the faithful at Newman Street, and by his subsequent elevation to the rank of 'Angel.'

To the village and parish of Albury the Squire's acceptance of the new faith necessarily meant much. We see one result in the cathedral close by the park gates, erected at Drummond's cost; we see another in the abandonment of the old parish church within the park, and the provision

of a new church, also at Drummond's expense, almost in the centre of the village, as to which I shall have more to say presently. And even to this day, despite the havoc death has wrought in the ranks of the original members and leaders of the Church, Albury with its cathedral, its chapter-house, and the picturesque timber houses adjoining, retains its special pre-eminence as a chief centre of the organization.

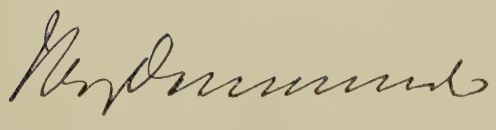
From Drummond the religious enthusiast let us turn to Drummond the politician. There is certainly no reason for suggesting that his faith in the distinctive doctrines of the Catholic Apostolic Church ever waned. On the contrary, he was ever active in its behalf. He travelled almost from one end of Europe to the other for the furtherance of its aims, and he most munificently aided in the erection of the Gordon Square Cathedral. And yet, to say the least, it is a little curious to find that, shortly after posting down to the Archbishop of York at Nuneham in 1836 to warn him of the approaching end of the world, Drummond was ready and eager to re-enter political life. He plunged with characteristic ardour into the Free Trade controversy in 1841. In a pamphlet which ran through several editions he confidently challenged McCulloch's plea for the repeal of the Corn Laws. Here are a few characteristic passages from it, interesting, I think, to us even now from the insight they give into the political standpoint of a man who in some respects was head and shoulders above many of his contemporaries:

'If corn were introduced duty-free to-morrow, it is doubtful whether the really poor people would benefit by it for six months.'

'The landlords have done one foolish thing already in allowing the manufacturers to be admitted into the House of Commons on the same footing as themselves, and now they are to be bullied or coaxed, as the case may be, into a similar act of suicide.'

'Cheap postage! The cost of letters was reduced so as to make a serious defalcation in the revenue, whilst the gain goes directly into the pockets of rich merchants, and benefits them alone; the most foolish measure that was ever adopted, and which ought to be instantly repealed and the old system restored.'

'In 1830 the war was begun of numbers against property. This is the root of the matter, privileged classes or not, equal or exclusive rights; equality of rights constitutes a republic; privileged classes constitute a monarchy; for a monarchy without privileged classes having exclusive



HENRY DRUMMOND, OF ALBURY PARK, M.P. FOR WEST SURREY, 1847-1860.

(From a photograph by Lloyd, of Albury.)

To face p. 24.

rights is the English translation of the motto of the baseless dynasty of Louis Philippe, "Un trône entouré d'institutions républicaines." '

How strangely this echo of a far-off controversy sounds in our ears to-day!

But pamphleteering did not long content Drummond. Six years later (1847) he re-entered Parliament as one of the members for West Surrey, and this seat he retained—though not without two stiff contests—till his death in 1860. Even in his election addresses Drummond showed his individuality. Thus, in 1852, when he and Mr. Evelyn were being strenuously opposed by Colonel Challoner, of Portnall Park, Chertsey, he dealt with the two burning topics of the day in a style which was essentially his own. The electors were told that the suddenness with which the Corn Laws were repealed had 'produced the ruin of many farmers and distress to most landlords; but since the labouring classes were never so well off as at present, no Minister dare attempt to reimpose a Bread Tax. We had a right, however, to expect that . . . the beverage of the people should be as free from taxation as their bread'—in other words, that the duty on malt should be reduced. For the rest, Drummond was mainly concerned with the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. He was stern to resist the 'recent aggression of the Pope upon the Prerogative of the Crown,' and the arguments by which, as he alleged, it was supported. 'The title of the House of Brunswick to the Throne, every institution in the country, the domestic peace of each family, can be secured only by putting down these arrogant claims.'

His opponents in their election squibs did not spare Drummond's rhetoric. They twitted him with his

> 'Outlandish jargon,
> So hard to believe, and known but to few,
> Which fell on the ear without meaning,
> Unlike the words firm of the men of true Blue.'

Party feeling ran high in these days, and there were election disturbances at Farnham and Godalming, provoked, as Colonel Challoner alleged, by 'hired gangs armed with bludgeons.'

But Drummond's personal popularity—had not even Cobbett declared that he knew no man in England more worthy of his estate?—always stood him in good stead in Surrey, and five years later he again successfully resisted the attack of the 'men of true Blue.'

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In the House of Commons his position was in some respects unique. He spoke frequently and on many topics—as his collected speeches, edited by the late Duke of Northumberland, attest—and he was always listened to with respect and attention. He was fundamentally a Tory of the old school, but in every act and word his independence of judgment asserted itself. Whatever Ministry was in power, his seat was the corner one below the gangway on the Ministerial side. Similarly, he always voted for the Budget, by whatever party it might be introduced, on the broad principle that the Government of the country must be carried on. 'I support every Government,' he once told his constituents in Surrey. 'Upon the majority of subjects they alone have sufficient information to enable them to decide; and it is safer to cast my lot on the side of information than on the side of fidgety ignorance.' There was much that was paradoxical in his attitude towards some of the topics of the day. While he offended Protestants by his assertion of doctrine that seemed to them essentially Romish, he was, as we have seen, violently opposed to Papal supremacy in any shape or form. Himself a link between the territorial and moneyed aristocracy, he applied the same caustic wit to venal voters and to Dukes and Knights of the Garter. And let me in justice add that while strenuously upholding the rights of property, no one more frankly recognised or more faithfully discharged its duties. He lived up to the picture he himself conceived of the landowner who was continually employed improving his estate, and continually looking beyond his own personal interest in it.

As an orator he could in his own way easily hold his own with the leading speakers of the day—witness his encounters with John Bright as to the Crimean War. We can, perhaps, best realize something of the effect his speeches produced in the House of Commons from the graphic pen-picture given in the *Morning Star* forty years ago by one who knew him well:

'A tall, slender, white-haired figure, perfectly upright, and scrupulously attired in black . . . delivering slowly, almost inaudibly, and with perfect gravity, a speech that proclaimed an entirely independent position. . . . Through lips that hardly seemed to part there came trickling forth a thin but sparkling stream of sententious periods, full of humour and sarcasm, learning and folly, boldness and timidity, bigotry and charity, and everything antithetical. The strongest contrast of all seemed that between the

speaker and his hearers. Everybody but himself was excited by laughter, or anger, or pleasure; he alone seemed perfectly unmoved—a speaking statue, shaking the sides of all men within hearing, and some who could not hear caught the contagion of laughter.'

Always a free-lance, always paradoxical and antithetical, always somewhat lacking in ballast, Drummond never acquired the power in politics

NEAR THE CATHEDRAL, ALBURY.

which his talents, his social position, and his genuine earnestness might have won for him. But there was so much that was notable and picturesque in his personality, and so much that was attractive and admirable in his disposition, that his memory will always be affectionately respected in Albury and West Surrey.

CHAPTER IV

ALBURY PARK AND VILLAGE

HAVE in the previous chapter briefly sketched the career and character of Henry Drummond, not only because he was one of the most interesting personalities in West Surrey fifty years ago, but also because, as I have already hinted, the Albury of to-day so visibly bears the impress of his influence. But Albury Park, to the borders of which our ramble from Shere has brought us, has historical associations which date back long before his days and the founding of the Catholic Apostolic Church. To-day the property of the Percys, by the marriage of Drummond's eldest daughter with the late Duke of Northumberland, the estate was bought in the middle of the sixteenth century by the Howards, who still hold land in other parts of the county from which they take their title of Earl of Surrey. The purchaser was Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, whose fame is perpetuated by the collection of Arundelian marbles. But the Earl, owing possibly to his prodigality in the latter connection, was short of cash, and, the purchase-money for Albury not having been paid, the mortgagee took possession. However, matters were subsequently arranged satisfactorily, and a few years later we find Henry Howard, who afterwards succeeded his brother as the sixth Duke of Norfolk, owning and beautifying the property.

And here we are brought in touch with another familiar Surrey name. An intimate friendship had long existed between the Evelyns and the Howards. Evelyn tells us how he and Henry Howard lodged together at Padua, and 'lived very nobly'; how, too, his son John had been brought up among the Howards' children at Arundel House until, 'for feare of perverting him in the Catholic religion,' he was forced to take him home. And this friendship had a twofold sequel of some interest to us in Surrey

as well as to Oxford. To quote the diarist's own record, when Evelyn went to Arundel House, he found that the precious monuments which his friend's grandfather had gathered with so much cost and industry 'were miserably neglected, scattered up and down the garden and other parts of the house, and, moreover, exceedingly impaired by the corrosive air of London.' Accordingly, just as he had induced his friend to bestow his famous library upon the Royal Society, so now he persuaded him to present the marbles to the University of Oxford.

Immediately afterwards, and possibly in acknowledgment of prompt compliance with this suggestion, Evelyn visited Albury, and designed for its owner 'the plot for his canal and garden, with a crypt through the hill.' Portions of Evelyn's handiwork still remain. The canal has been drained, but a part of the crypt exists, and the long terrace of perfect greensward and the remarkable hedge are among the glories of Albury to-day. William Cobbett was so free with his superlatives, whether in praise or censure, that they do not always count for much; but his eulogy of these gardens, and his version of the means by which he made himself acquainted with them, are very characteristic. He tells us in his 'Rural Rides' how, having heard a great deal of this park and of the gardens, he wished very much to see them. As his road to Dorking lay through Shere, and skirted the outside of the park, he guessed there must be a way through the park to Shere. He fell upon the scheme of going into the park as far as Drummond's house, and then asking his leave to go out at the other end of it. 'This scheme, though pretty bare-faced, succeeded very well.' Mr. Drummond not only granted this request, but, 'in the most obliging manner,' permitted him to ride all about the park and to see his gardens. His detailed description of all he saw concludes with this emphatic tribute: 'Taken altogether, this is certainly the prettiest garden that I ever beheld. There was taste and sound judgment at every step in the laying out of this place. Everywhere utility and convenience is combined with beauty. The terrace is by far the finest thing of the sort that I ever saw, and the whole thing is a great compliment to the taste of the times in which it was formed.'

To return, however, for a moment to the history of the estate. From the seventh Duke of Norfolk Albury passed to Heneage Finch, the 'silver-tongued,' afterwards Earl of Aylesford and Lord Chancellor. Finch's career, as we all know, affords ample material for controversy. Here I

need only refer to two incidents in it which are not without a local interest. Finch, apparently, was member for Guildford, and living at Albury, when, as Solicitor-General, he was so much impressed by James II.'s first speech to the Council that he asserted that he could repeat the King's promises word for word, and was accordingly requested to prepare the report embodying this declaration, which was afterwards officially published. When, however, the enthusiasm created by these emphatic pledges began to give place to suspicions, and these suspicions in turn gave place to vigorous discontent, Finch swung right round with the rising tide of popular indignation. Turned out of office for opposing the King's attempt to set aside the Test Act, he was one of the counsel selected to defend the seven Bishops.

Here, again, his impulsive ardour was displayed. Every reader of Macaulay will recall the vivid description of the scene when Finch's persistence in addressing the court prevented judgment being at once recorded for the Bishops on the technical plea that the publication of their petition in Middlesex had not been proved. Finch's inopportune oratory, his desire to shine when better men than he were content to sit still, gave time for Lord Sunderland to reach the court, and supply the needed link in the chain of evidence. For a brief space Finch was the most unpopular man in the country; but when, after all, victory was won on the broader issue, he was applauded almost as universally and almost as absurdly as he had been reviled only a few hours before. He had been unwilling, it was now discovered, that his case should be decided on a point which would have left the great constitutional question still doubtful. His tactics had secured a more complete and significant triumph for the popular cause, and national gratitude for the service so rendered took tangible form in a handsome piece of plate, which in due course was brought to Albury. It was, however, not destined to become a family heirloom, for early in the eighteenth century Albury House was burnt down, and the presentation plate was lost or stolen during the fire.

From the mansion and its owners we must turn to the record of the old parish church, which still stands within a stone's-throw of the house, but which, as one sequel to the Albury conferences, has not been used for parochial worship for the last sixty years.

Somewhat desolate the ruins look even in the brightest sunshine, for little more than the shell now remains of the greater part of the fabric.

Alburgum *in Comitatu* SURRIÆ *vulgo* Albury *olim mansio frequens Illustrissimi* D.D. *Thomæ Howardi Comitis* ARRUNDELIÆ *et* SURRIÆ *etc.*
Occidentem versus

M. P^r. Gucht Sculp.

ALBURY HOUSE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

To face p. 30.

The eye, of course, is quickly caught by the gorgeous colour of the mortuary chapel at the end of the south aisle, designed by Pugin, and rich in the blazonings of the Drummond family. But the bare gray walls of the rest of the building carry us much further back than the advent of the Drummonds. They remind us of the entry in Domesday Book which recalls the existence of a church and a parish mill at Albury in the Conqueror's day. Closer inspection, moreover, will disclose a possible link with a still remoter past. The bases of two columns are wrought in Surrey marble, and tradition alleges, rightly or wrongly, that these came from the Roman station on Farley Heath, two miles away. Both Salmon and Bray quote, and apparently accept, this theory. Martin Tupper, with the imaginative touch which belongs to the poet, went still further. He conceived that the Roman quarter to which these blocks of marble once belonged may have been superseded by a pagan altar, then gained for triumph for a Christian church about which dwellers may have congregated, to be dispossessed in turn by hordes from Denmark. It is a pretty and attractive theory, but evidence in its support is necessarily slight; and as so competent an authority as Mr. H. E. Malden hesitates to endorse even the conjecture that these two pillar bases were originally part of a Roman encampment on Farley Heath, we must be content to leave the matter in doubt.

Nevertheless, we are apparently justified in believing that the Albury which figures in Domesday as 'Eldeberie,' or the 'Old Bury,' took its name from the Farley ruins, while the antiquity of the church itself is indisputable; and whatever the vicissitudes which ultimately befell the building, we are here undoubtedly at the spot which was for generations the centre of Albury's parochial life.

Like Shere and St. Martha's, Albury felt the ebb and flow of the yearly tide of the Canterbury pilgrims; and it is with this old Albury, rather than with the modern village, which we shall presently reach, that we must associate the May Day scene at the close of the twelfth century which Martin Tupper pictures in 'Stephan Langton.'

'And there was a merry, chattering crowd, and a good store of ballad-singers and itinerant fools and mountebanks, with a bear-leader and monkeys, an antique Pontius and Judas, and a juggler or two, and fortune-telling gipsies with their following of happy, true believers; there were crippled old soldiers, and pilgrims with their scallops full of Eastern

marvels, strange but true; and there were chapmen and pedlars hawking their wares, and some of the new-fangled and much-mocked sect of begging friars; and a sprinkling of batlike monks and nuns—good people enough and charitable, wondering at the gladness of a sunshine holiday.'

However this may have been, such population as Albury possessed in later years migrated further westward, especially to the hamlets known as Little London and Weston Street. Possibly, as regards the latter, the presence of the gun-powder mills, which for a time flourished on the banks of the Tillingbourne here, as at other points along the stream, had much to do with the growth of a community of a fair size at this spot.

On this ground alone much can be urged in defence of Drummond's action in deciding, when the new cathedral was in course of erection, to close the old church, sad though it is to see a building so rich in memories of the past now neglected and forlorn. The site he offered for the new church is much more central and convenient to the parish as a whole.

Other considerations were entitled to weight. The churchyard was full, or nearly full, and Drummond was naturally opposed to its extension within his park, which, after all, is not very large. Moreover, certain definite practical drawbacks, as well as an undefined sense of restraint, must always attach to the use of a parish church when it adjoins the Squire's mansion so closely as was the case at Albury. But over and above all this, Drummond was no doubt influenced to some extent by purely personal circumstances. The then Rector, Hugh M'Neile, as we have seen, had shown some sympathy with the Irvingite movement in its earlier stages; but he had later on fallen away from it, and did not hesitate to condemn what he believed to be its errors, though he had to do so within a stone's-throw of the Squire's mansion. Nay, more, it is quite possible that on a summer evening, with the church windows open, M'Neile's eloquent exposure of the Catholic Apostolic heresies may have been perfectly audible to Drummond himself while sitting in his own drawing-room.

We can, then, feel but slight surprise at his decision, and Drummond, it is only right to add, both provided a new site and erected the new church entirely at his own expense. Still, Bishop Sumner so greatly objected to the change that he declined to consecrate the new building for some time after its completion. Since then the old church has only been used for interments, the last taking place in the eighties, when Lady

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ALBURY OLD CHURCH, 1837.

(From a pencil drawing.)

To face p. 32.

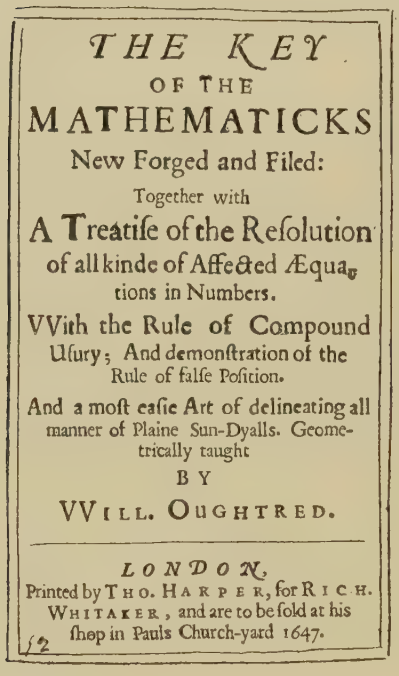
Gage was buried. The roof was then in such an unsafe and unsatisfactory condition that attention was called to it by the Rector, and as a result it was removed by the Duke's orders. Probably, I may add, the mortuary chapel in the church will be the future burial-place of the Dukes of Northumberland, as the vault in Westminster Abbey to which they have a prescriptive right is now quite full.

In addition to Hugh M'Neile, whose name Evangelical Churchmen still hold in honour, two men of special note served within the walls of the dismantled church.

William Oughtred, the mathematician, after five years' incumbency at Shalford, came to Albury in 1610, and lived for fifty years in the parish; and very suggestive and interesting are the glimpses we can obtain of his quiet life here, engrossed in studies which won him wide fame. It was while living in the family of the Earl of Arundel as tutor to his second son that he compiled his 'Clavis Mathematicæ,' the work which more than any other helped to make his position among the scientists of his day—a very notable book in its way, which ran through many editions. It dealt more thoroughly and systematically with algebra and arithmetic than any previous treatise, and embodied practically all that was then known on the subject. As, perhaps, few amongst us recall, it first employed the symbols × for multiplication and : : for proportion, which are nowadays familiar to every schoolboy. A copy of the edition of 1647 lies before me as I write. It is dedicated to Sir Richard Onslow and his eldest son, Arthur Onslow, of whom we shall hear more later on; and in an introductory note to the reader Oughtred explains with much quaint precision how it came about that he undertook this 'new filing,' or rather forging, of his key, and how his desire was to 'reach out to the ingenious lovers of these sciences, as it were, Ariadne's thread to guide them through the intricate labyrinth of these studies, and to direct them for the more easie and full understanding of the best and ancientest authors.'

Other treatises followed, and Oughtred's reputation was noised abroad. He was frequently invited to reside in Italy, France, and Holland, and his correspondents included the most eminent mathematicians of the day. But Oughtred was not to be tempted far or often from his own parish. Once a year he visited London; for the rest his time was given to his books and to the pupils who came to his rectory from all parts. 'As oft,'

he says, 'as I was toiled with the labours of my own profession, I have allayed the tediousness by walking in the pleasant and more than Elysian fields in the diverse and various parts of human learning, and not of the mathematics only.' The confession tallies entirely with the account of his habits given by his eldest son, who told Aubrey that his father 'did use to lye in bed till eleven or twelve o'clock with his doublet on' ever since he could remember. He always studied late at night, and 'had his tinder-box by him, and on the top of his bedstaffe he had his inkhorn



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VVith the Rule of Compound Uſury; And demonſtration of the Rule of falſe Poſition.
And a moſt eaſie Art of delineating all manner of Plaine Sun-Dyalls. Geometrically taught
BY
VVILL. OUGHTRED.

LONDON,
Printed by THO. HARPER, for RICH. WHITAKER, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Pauls Church-yard 1647.

TO THE HONORABLE,
SIR *RICHARD ONSLOW*
KNIGHT, ONE OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE PARLIAMENT FOR THE COUNTY OF *SURREY.*

AND TO *ARTHVR ONSLOW*
ESQUIRE, ONE OF THE BURGESSES OF THE PARLIAMENT:
ELDEST SON OF THE SAID SIR *RICHARD ONSLOW.*

WILLIAM OVGHTRED RECTOR OF *ALBURY* IN THE SAID COUNTY OF *SURREY,*
IN TESTIMONY OF THE HONOUR AND RESPECTIVE OBSERVANCE HE BEARETH TO THAT NOBLE FAMILY, PUBLISHETH AND DEDICATETH THESE HIS ENSUING TREATISES.

B.3 TO

fixt.' He slept, indeed, but little, and sometimes 'went not to bed for two or three nights, and would not come down to meals till he had found out the quæsitum.' One anxious episode, however, disturbed the even tenor of Oughtred's ways. As a faithful Loyalist he had a very narrow escape from sequestration. He was accused before the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and would have met with the fate which had befallen many another honest man, had not his friends appeared in such numbers on his behalf that, although 'the chairman and many other Presbyterian members were stiff against him, yet he was cleared by the major number.'

Albury Park and Village

Despite his deep concern at the Puritan despotism, Oughtred seems to have enjoyed a green old age. We read that he handled his cube and other instruments at eighty as steadily as others did at thirty, a fact which he himself attributed to 'temperance and archery.' The story has been handed down that his death was due to his great joy at learning of the Restoration; but if so, the news of Charles's return to Whitehall in May must have travelled very slowly to Albury, for the venerable Rector, who, whatever his merits or demerits as a parish priest, is fully entitled to our respect as a scholar, passed to his rest on June 30, 1660. Although his name finds no place or mention in the new church, the parish has one characteristic relic of his incumbency. The entries in the parish register from 1610 onwards, written by Oughtred in the neatest and most careful manner, are in striking contrast with the almost illegible scrawl on the previous pages.

Rather more than a century after Oughtred's death Albury was one of the two livings in Surrey held by Samuel Horsley. His connection with the parish was, however, short-lived, and we need only note his name here to recall the fact that he subsequently became by rapid promotion Archdeacon of St. Albans, Dean of Westminster, and Bishop of St. David's, Rochester, and St. Asaph, and shared prominently in the political and theological controversies of his day.

When we quit Albury Park and the old church, we are within a few yards of the Silent Pool, which is said to have suggested to Tennyson Keats' description of Neptune's cave. Martin Tupper claimed to have invented both the name and fame of this placid lakelet, with its bluish, translucent water embosomed among the trees; and no doubt 'Stephan Langton' did much to preserve and popularize the legend attaching to the spot. But one fails to see why the pool should have been robbed of its old historic name as 'Sherbourne,' or, in Aubrey's days, 'Shirburn Spring.' King John, so the story runs, was enamoured of the fair daughter of a woodman, and surprised her whilst bathing in the pool. In her terror the girl lost her hold of a branch of a tree and sank with a loud scream into deep water. Hearing her cry, her brother rushed to her aid and plunged into the pool, only, however, to share his sister's fate. For generations afterwards, as tradition affirmed, the figure of a girl with her arms clasped round her brother might be seen at midnight beneath the still and silent surface of the water.

Further westward, as we approach the Albury of to-day, the rich foliage of Weston Wood comes into view. The house and manor take their name from one Thomas de Weston, to whom the estate, formerly part of the Manor of Gomshall, belonged far back in the days of the first Edward. There were Westons here till the middle of the fifteenth century, as memorials in the old church once attested. Of the Elyots, who subsequently owned it, there are also records; so, too, of George Duncomb, a prominent lawyer who acquired much land in this neighbour-

COTTAGES AT ALBURY.

hood in the seventeenth century, and was one of the Knights of the Shire for Surrey in the second Protectorate Parliament which offered Cromwell the Crown. A hundred years later Weston was in the hands of Robert Godschall, a Lord Mayor of London, who died during his year of office. Later on it was sold to the Hon. Robert Clive, a younger son of the first Lord Clive, and later still it was inhabited by the 'humane Malthus.' When in comparatively recent years the mansion was pulled down, the fine mahogany staircase was removed to the County Club at Guildford.

A man of far wider note than those whose names have just been mentioned was also for a time resident here. I refer to Elias Ashmole, Evelyn's old friend, 'the greatest virtuoso and curioso that was known,' in the verdict of some of his contemporaries. With his chief work, a history of the Order of the Garter, and his antiquarian researches generally, we need not concern ourselves; but we should not fail to note the curious chain of coincidence by which the Arundelian marbles given, as we have seen, to Oxford University by one Surrey resident (Henry Howard), at the suggestion of another Surrey worthy (John Evelyn), were ultimately lodged in a building which owed its existence to a third Surrey resident (Elias Ashmole), and all three of them, for a time at least, neighbours in the Tillingbourne Vale. Ashmole, it may be recollected, gave to Oxford his own collection of antiquities, including those bequeathed to him by Tradescant, the Dutch botanist and naturalist, with whom he had at one time lodged. The suitable home for these collections which the University provided is known to all of us this day as the Ashmolean Museum—the first museum of which we have any record in this country; and, curiously enough, it was in the basement of this museum that the Arundel marbles were afterwards lodged.

A short distance further and we find ourselves in the Albury of to-day —the Weston Street of less than a hundred years ago. Very quiet and peaceful the village is, with its mill, its picturesque cottages, and its pleasant houses of larger build, and the Tillingbourne quietly wending its way in and out amongst them. Here, if anywhere, too, the vale is well wooded and rich in trees, worthy of Sylva's country.

But Albury was not always as idyllic and law-abiding as we see it now. If we happen to turn back to the report of the Commission appointed to inquire into the condition of the rural districts in the Southern counties after the outbreaks of disorder and rick-burning which occurred in so many parts of the country early last century, we shall find that this particular district obtains distinctly unfavourable notice. While Surrey, Kent, and Sussex are reported on in satisfactory terms as a whole, the Commissioners unkindly add that the blackguardism of the three counties seemed to have congregated in Shere and Albury. No doubt this was partly accounted for by the isolation of the district in those days; but in part, also, it must be attributed to the influence of the smuggling practices to which reference has already been made. As a matter of fact—though

it may be unpleasant to have to record it—Albury was very far removed from a model village even when Drummond first came on the scene eighty years since. The village constable did not care to enter the village inn—still known as the Drummond Arms—alone on a winter night. And local gossip still cherishes one characteristic story of those days: A man, accused of murder, had been tracked from Albury to a hut on Farley Heath. Here the constables found him in bed, apparently suffering from a severe attack of ague; his wife was busy making a posset for him by the fire. The illness appeared so genuine that the police felt convinced they had followed the wrong clue; they were about to retire, when they happened to catch sight of a pair of boots under the bed thickly laden with fresh mud. This, of course, was sufficient to arouse suspicion, and the invalid was promptly arrested. But the constables' triumph was short-lived, after all. Their prisoner managed to prove an alibi by establishing the fact that he was twenty miles away from the scene of the crime with which he was charged. Here, again—such were the vicissitudes of the law in those days—however, justice won in the long-run; for it turned out that, though guiltless of the first offence of which he was accused, the man was actually concerned in another murder in the district to which his alibi referred.

Far pleasanter thoughts than these will, however, suggest themselves as we stroll through the village to-day, and, turning a little to the south from the main-road, reach the rising ground on which the new parish church stands. The building itself has little in its architecture to attract or detain us. It was modelled broadly on a church at Caen, and, though not ineffective in its way, it seems painfully modern and distinctly incongruous when compared, say, with Shere or Wotton. There is, nevertheless, a pleasant prospect from the hillside across the valley to the downs beyond. Martin Tupper's grave will certainly claim a passing glance, and the memorial cross to the late Duchess of Northumberland is a pleasing and fitting tribute to the genuine kindness and goodness of Henry Drummond's daughter.

Still wending our way westward along the valley, we presently come to the modest house, with many gables, which was long the home of Martin Tupper. In his garrulous autobiography, Tupper has told us all, if not more than all, that it is essential to know as to his connection with the village from his youth to his ripe old age. The house came to him

from his mother, having been bought, in 1780, by her uncle, Mr. Devis, who, as Tupper himself asserts, was long remembered in the village, not only because he always carried gingerbread in his pocket for the children, but also because he was known to them as 'the man mushroom,' seeing he was the first who ever had an umbrella in the place. To this quiet spot Tupper came as a boy after being at Charterhouse. He was for a time a pupil of Mr. Holt's, with Harold Browne, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, as his intimate comrade; and, according to his own narrative, no antiquary or author could have more clearly shown the bent of his

MARTIN TUPPER'S HOUSE.

mind in youth. He used to search for coins with Browne on Farley Heath; he formulated his thoughts on marriage, love, and education while still in his teens, and these aphorisms, 'in the manner of Solomon's Proverbs,' were submitted to the Rector by the girl-cousin to whom they were addressed. Mr. M'Neile, with an appreciation of the popular taste which the subsequent success of 'Proverbial Philosophy' amply confirmed, warmly praised these productions, and recommended their publication.

The notoriety that might have thus been won early in life came in

after years, and Tupper had the pleasure of receiving many distinguished visitors beneath his roof at Albury. I need make no attempt to summarize here the story of his aims and his manifold activities; it will be found in abundant detail in 'My Life.' But one cannot wholly pass by the not unfounded claim that Tupper was, in a sense, the father, and Albury in a still larger degree the birthplace, of the volunteer movement. We may fairly hold that both the village and the man deserve honourable mention in this connection. As far back as 1848 and 1849 Tupper, in conjunction with his friends Evelyn and Mangles, and others, initiated the Albury Rifle Club, although friends jeered, and the Lord-Lieutenant (Lord Lovelace) thought such an organization illegal, and refused to give it his sanction.

And before long these ardent spirits had the laugh on their side. The French invasion scare worked wonders. Not only did it prompt Tupper's brother Arthur to advise that the family plate at Albury House should be sunk in a well for safety, and Henry Drummond to suggest that 'mansions' on the South Coast should be fortified as strongholds by filling the windows with grates and mattresses, and loopholing the garden walls; it had a far more substantial and permanent result in the inauguration of the system of national defence which Tupper and his Surrey friends claimed to have had in view 'before it was thought of anywhere by anyone else.' When thus the volunteer movement sprang into being, in 1859, Tupper's ballad called 'Defence, not Defiance,' gave the force the apt motto it still retains, and a year later, in 'A Rhyme for Albury Club,' he strove to remind the nation how much it owed to the 'club of crack shots upon Surrey Blackheath.' The lines are so little known nowadays that, despite their eulogy of Tom Wydeawake's foresight and persistence, they may bear quotation:

'A RHYME FOR ALBURY CLUB.

'A rhyme for the Club, the brave little Club,
That stoutly went forward when others held back,
And, reckless of many a sneer and a snub,
Steer'd manfully straight upon Duty's own tack.
Though quarrelsome peacemongers did their small worst,
In spite of their tongues and in spite of their teeth,
We stood up for England among the few first,
With rifles and targets on Surrey Blackheath.

'Time was when Tom Wydeawake, ten years agone,
Toil'd to arouse dull old Britain betimes,
By example—he shouldered his rifle alone;
By precept—he showered his letter and rhymes;
With bullets he peppered old Sherborne's hillside,
With ballads and articles worried the Press.
The more he was sneer'd at, the stronger he tried;
And would not be satisfied with short of Success.

'And now is his Fancy the front of the van,
And England an archer, as in the past years,
And stout middle age carries arms like a man,
And all the young fellows are smart Volunteers:
And Herbert and Elcho, and Spencer and Hay,
And Mildmay, and all the best names in the land,
On a national scale achieve grandly to-day
What Wydeawake schemed with his brave little band.

'Then cheers for the Queen, for the Club, and the Corps,
For Grantley, and Evelyn, and Sidmouth, and all;
With Franklin and Mangles, and six dozen more,
The first to spring forth at Britannia's call.
And long may we live with all peaceably here—
For olive, not laurel, is Glory's true wreath.
But if the wolf comes, he had better keep clear
Of a club of crack shots on Surrey Blackheath.'

Of Tupper's later years in Albury one need say but little; both his fame and his wealth waned. But stories are still cherished of the kindliness and egotism which characterized all his life; and eccentricities and little errors of taste and judgment of which one may still hear may be overlooked in the recollection of the real affection Tupper bore for the district in which his lot was cast, and of his zealous efforts in many ways to spread a knowledge of, and to kindle a just enthusiasm for, its charms.

Tupper's family vault was in the old church, but, in view of the formalities necessary to secure access to it after the church was closed, he decided that he and his wife should be buried in the new churchyard.

CHAPTER V

FROM CHILWORTH TO SHALFORD

TILL continuing our route westward, we shall not leave Albury village far behind before we enter Chilworth Vale. Cobbett's oft-quoted words at once recur to the mind—the words which fervently cursed the paper-mills and the gunpowder-pills, but which with no less fervour eulogized the valley as one of the 'choicest retreats of man,' where 'the nightingales are to be heard earlier and later in the year than in any other part of England, where the first bursting of the buds is to be seen in the spring, and where everything seems formed for precluding the very thought of wickedness.'

There is the right ring in these hearty phrases, for Cobbett, when Nature touched him, spoke strong and true. Chilworth—the valley, not the somewhat desolate-looking cluster of cottages immediately near the railway-station which evoked Mrs. Ady's scorn—always charms. No prettier prospect is to be seen in South-west Surrey than that afforded across the vale from the crest of St. Martha's Hill. Pleasanter woodland paths are not to be found than may be traced upon the slopes of its well-timbered hills. And in the valley itself, if we adhere to the main-road, we have ever-changing glimpses of streams and meadow, wood and down. The sound of running water is with us ever and anon; indeed, here, more than anywhere else on our route so far, we feel and realize that we are in the river valley. The dark soil, the rich green of the pastures, the willows on the winding banks of the stream, the bulrushes and the sedges, all bear silent witness to the presence of the Tillingbourne.

Presently we come to Postford Ponds, lying still and calm at the foot of the steep slope of the tree-clad hills. Here is no sound of babbling stream; all is stillness and peace. The surface of the water is motionless, and reflects with singular distinctness the heavens above and the verdure

FROM THE NORTH DOWNS, NEAR GUILDFORD.

To face p. 42.

on the banks around. Two swans in the foreground repose gracefully, as if they, too, felt the absolute quietude of the scene; the brilliant kingfisher which flits across as we stand at the water's edge is the only sign of movement which the eye detects.

Amid surroundings such as these, who will not sympathize with John Leech in the story which Martin Tupper tells of their joint angling expedition to the pond?—

'We went on a fine hot day, thinking less of possible sport than of sandwiches and sherry and an idle lounge on a sloping bank, and haply the calmly contemplative cigar. As we lay there, in *dolce far niente*

A RUSTIC COTTAGE, CHILWORTH.

fashion, all at once Leech jumped up with a vigorous "Confound that float! Can't it leave me in peace? I've been watching it bobbing this five minutes, and now it's out of sight altogether—hang it!"' with that hearty exclamation of disgust pulling up a brilliant two-pound perch, the glory of the day. Next week's *Punch* had a pleasant comic sketch of this petty incident, immortalized by the famous 'bottled Leech.'

Of Postford House, close by, a more gruesome story is told. Seventy or eighty years ago a secret cupboard was discovered in the wall of the drawing-room. This was found to contain several forged plates for the printing of bank-notes, and the discovery was thought to account for the

suicide a short time previously of a former owner of the paper-mill lower down the stream, who had evidently feared exposure and conviction.

Only a short distance separates the placid beauty of Postford Ponds from the suggestive ugliness of the gunpowder-mills. One can never quite rid one's mind of the sense of incongruity suggested by the presence of such an industry on such a site. And yet, as every student knows, it was, after all, a very simple and natural sequence of events which led to the establishment of this manufacture on the banks of the Tillingbourne 300 years ago.

When early in the sixteenth century John Evelyn's ancestors introduced the manufacture of gunpowder into this country, nothing was more natural than that they should set up the mills at Wotton (among other places), where the Tillingbourne supplied the water-power, and where abundant timber was available for charcoal-making. Later on these mills were disused—'for the danger the neighbourhood was in upon their blowing up, which frequently happened,' says Salmon—and the manufacture was moved further down the same stream. For a time, as has been seen, it existed both at Shere and Albury, and finally it settled at Chilworth, where excellent facilities were found both as regards water-power and fuel.

Hitherto England had been dependent upon Flanders for its supply of powder, and Elizabeth, anxious to remedy such a state of things, appears to have favoured this attempt to establish the industry among the Surrey hills. Workmen were imported from the Continent, and settled at Chilworth under one Sir Polycarp Wharton, who, however, afterwards quarrelled with the authorities and ended his days in prison. But the task which the Evelyns and he had set themselves to achieve was accomplished. There was no need to look across the seas for powder, and just as the cast-iron guns used in the Civil War were obtained from the Wealden ironworks, so most of the gunpowder consumed in the same strife was supplied from Surrey. Hence the efforts of the Royalists to secure control in the South-eastern counties when war broke out. Hence, too, the order issued by the Committee of the Two Kingdoms in 1645, by which the manufacturer was forbidden to keep by him more than a fixed quantity of saltpetre, or to attempt to make more powder than the Government thought it would require.

Aubrey found no less than sixteen powder-mills 'in this Romancy vale' forty years after the Civil War had ended. In his picturesque

phrase, it was 'a little commonwealth of powder-makers who are as black as negroes,' but a somewhat dangerous spot also, if we accept his further statement that 'five mills were blown up in little more than half a year's time.' Of the extent of the works at this period, we can, indeed, form some conception from the figures mentioned in Sir Polycarp Wharton's statement of his 'hard case.' For he claims that by contract with the Ordnance he was permitted to manufacture more than half of the total quantity of powder allowed to be made in the whole kingdom, and, moreover, that he had added new works and engines which 'rendered Chilworth works alone able to supply the stores with 325 barrels of powder weekly throughout the year, and that was much more than all the other powder-works in the kingdom could then furnish, without which it would have been impossible that the fleet could have been timely supplied with powder both at that and other times since.'

Such superiority as this Chilworth nowadays could hardly claim. But despite the inevitable vicissitudes of trade during three centuries, the industry still flourishes in the valley.

Not so the other manufacture—the production of bank-notes, which Cobbett, it will be recollected, characteristically classed with the manufacture of powder as two 'of the most damnable inventions that sprang from the mind of man under the influence of the devil.' For bank-note paper we have to look now to Laverstoke, in Hants, rather than to Chilworth. But the paper-mills at Chilworth were busy on and off till 1871, when they were acquired by Messrs. Unwin, and utilized as printing-works, noteworthy as the first works of the kind in England run by water-power. It is interesting to know that Ruskin was informed by the firm of this new departure, which harmonized closely with one tenet of the gospel he so eloquently preached. In reply Ruskin wrote (Denmark Hill, March 25, 1872) that he was 'much encouraged by hearing of anything undertaken by pure water power, and would be grateful to hear of the success of the enterprise.'

Success duly followed till, after the disastrous fire of 1896, which practically demolished the works, Messrs. Unwin moved to the banks of the Wey at Old Woking. Some vestiges of the blackened ruins are still to be seen at the picturesque spot, almost at the foot of St. Martha's Hill, where the Tillingbourne, as if shunning the powder-mills, glides peacefully on its way to the broader waters of the Wey.

Just above, a short distance up the hillside, and almost completely hidden by trees, is the Manor House, which at one time was so closely associated with the lonely chapel on the hill-top. Concerning St. Martha's Chapel itself, Mr. Palmer has told us nearly all that can now be told with any degree of certainty; and there is no need to repeat here a story which in its main features is familiar to all who know the Hill. But concerning the Manor House and its owners, a few facts call for note.

At Domesday Chilworth was one of the many manors in the hands of Bishop Odo, the Conqueror's half-brother, from whose greed it has been said that 'neither Englishman nor Norman, Churchman nor layman, nor the King himself, was safe.' When Odo fell into disgrace, this manor, with others, passed back to the Crown, and we know nothing more of its history until we find the Priors of Newark in possession, and responsible for the services at St. Martha's Church, of which they were the patrons. At first they were quite content that the priest who officiated should have his abode at Tyting Farm, on the slope of the hill just above Halfpenny Lane, where a pretentious modern villa residence now takes the place of an old gabled farmhouse. But directly the stream of pilgrims to and from Becket's shrine began to set in, St. Martha's ceased to be a mere isolated outpost of little value. One of the most notable points on the whole route, the Austin Canons were quick to grasp its importance, and in more ways than one they rose to the opportunities it offered.

In place of the solitary priest at Tyting, a small colony of monks made their home on the site of the present Manor House, where traces of their presence are still discernible in some slight fragments of monastic building of early date, in the square terraced garden and the fish-pond. As an additional attraction to the pilgrims, relics of martyrs were collected in the church, and Farthing Copse and Halfpenny Lane remind us to this day of two of the tolls which the priors, with a keen eye to business, levied upon all who travelled along the route. Newark, in fact, for a time must have drawn no small portion of its income from this station at Chilworth. But the day ultimately came when the pilgrim army ceased to climb the hill-top, and, worse still, when Henry VIII. called upon Prior Richard to surrender Newark and all its belongings to the Crown. Thus Chilworth Manor and the old house of the monks became once more the property of the Crown.

SHALFORD UNDER SNOW.

From Chilworth to Shalford

Half a century later Chilworth was granted by Elizabeth to William Morgan, whose son was knighted at Cadiz in 1596. Of William Morgan himself we know little more than is told us by the inscription which was formerly to be seen on his altar-tomb in St. Martha's Church. Of this for a long period only two lines were visible:

> Take from thy Name but M even Morgan's breath,
> Stopt sweetly like an Organ, at his Death.'

The simile scarcely strikes the modern reader as happy. But it has the merit of harmonizing with the rest of the memorial verse, which is curious enough and typical enough of the times to merit transcription in full from Aubrey's pages:

> 'Sleep on thy Marble Pillow, worthy Sir,
> Whilst we, as Pilgrims to thy Sepulchre,
> Visit thy happy Virtues with a Flame
> As hallowed as thy Dust, to sing thy Fame;
> Whose sacred Actions with such Will are strung,
> They give the speechless Stone a speaking Tongue.
> If Virtue, that makes men to seem Divine,
> If all those glorious Beams that sweetly shine
> Upon gentility, and deck her Crest,
> Like fixed stars in Orbs, mov'd in his Breast;
> Then in these senceless Character of Stones,
> New Life gives Honour to his liveless Bones:
> The Soul's a Harmony, which best doth sound,
> When our Life plays the Mean, our Death the Ground.
> Take from thy Name but M even Morgan's breath,
> Stopt sweetly like an Organ, at his Death;
> And with his swan-like Tunes did, singing, die,
> And, dying, sang out his Mortality.
> Then Sleep on still; whose Life did never jarr,
> Can ne'er be less; more may be than a Star.
> Good Ends of Men are like Good Ends of Gold,
> Whereby we may make Angels, in which Mould
> Thy Virtues cast thy Bliss; for, sure in Heaven,
> Angels weigh more, than ours stampt for Eleven.'

A little later still Chilworth Manor passed to the Randylls, and here again we are curiously in touch with both our national and local annals. Morgan Randyll was one of the prominent Surrey politicians of his day. His name figures constantly side by side with that of the Onslows in the latter half of the seventeenth century, and he represented Guildford in

Parliament on and off for thirty or forty years. But in the end his ambition overleapt itself. Small as the Parliamentary borough was, contested elections were terribly expensive matters, and somewhere about 1715 or 1720 Morgan Randyll found himself so seriously in debt in consequence—as local chronicles allege—of his heavy political expenditure, that he was forced to sell Chilworth.

The South Sea mania was at its height at the time, and a purchaser for Chilworth was forthcoming (1720) in the person of Mr. Richard Holditch, one of the directors of the great Bubble Company which then loomed so large in English life. But Mr. Holditch's sway as Lord of the Manor had not much more than begun before the crash came. The Bubble burst, and the private property of all the directors was confiscated for the benefit of the sufferers. Chilworth was thus once again in the market.

By a curious turn of the irony of fate, the manor was bought by the 'Great Sarah,' Duchess of Marlborough, with part of the proceeds of a judicious speculation by which she had netted no less than £100,000 in the very same South Sea stock which had brought Holditch to ruin.

During the twenty odd years that the manor remained in her possession, the probability seems to be that the Duchess was not often seen at Chilworth, for the manor was only one of many estates in which her great wealth was invested, and we know that Wimbledon Manor, also bought at the same time from one of the victims of the Bubble, became her favourite country seat. The Duchess, as we also know, quarrelled with everybody during the last years of her life, and not least with the members of her own family. So at her death (1744) her land was bequeathed, not to Charles Spencer, Lord Sunderland's eldest son, who became Duke of Marlborough in 1733, but to his younger brother, John Spencer, who, despite dissolute and extravagant habits, so far benefited by his grandmother's partiality for him that he inherited all her disposable property, Chilworth among the rest.

For the sake of one trifling incident let us carry the history of the Manor House a stage further. John Spencer, son of the legatee named above, was created Viscount Althorp and Earl Spencer in 1765. On his death in 1783 his titles and estates passed to George John (grandfather of the present Earl Spencer), and if we may believe that usually most trust-

worthy historian, John Russell, the steward of this the second Earl was responsible for carting away the ruins of the west tower of St. Martha's Chapel 'to mend the roads.' Other times, other manners.

Chilworth and St. Martha's, however, can point to links with a past much more remote than either the chapel or the Manor House suggests. There is abundant evidence that the wild heath which we overlook from St. Martha's Hill was the site of prehistoric and later settlements, for

THE MANOR HOUSE, CHILWORTH.

trenches round its main hills may still be clearly traced. Flint implements of all kinds are met with, but, with few exceptions, their age is neolithic. Their occurrence was known to Colonel Godwin-Austen, and to other distinguished geologists; and in recent years Professor Sir W. Roberts-Austen has collected a series of implements which comprises many very beautiful flint arrow-heads of varied types, scrapers for removing fat from skins, and much rarer implements, such as saws with fine teeth, drills,

and carefully-worked and pointed flints, which were probably used for engraving and ornamenting bone.

From the hill-top we may easily, if we wish, make our way to Guildford through the Chantry Wood or across Pewley Hill. Or we may wander in the opposite direction southward across the breezy stretch of heathland known as Blackheath, named probably, as Salmon has it, 'from the dusky colours of the heath or wild thyme which for many miles overspreads it.' Here the Volunteer Inn recalls the associations of the spot with the early days of the volunteer movement and the 'great review' of 1864, to which I have previously alluded. And whether or not we visit the new Roman Catholic church, which architecturally has little to attract or detain us, we certainly ought not to fail to inspect the mission church of St. Martin, unique in design and in decoration, which lies half hidden by the roadside on the south-west corner of the heath. Built some ten years ago from the designs of Mr. C. Harrison Townsend, the severity of its external elevation has led to its being claimed as 'early British' in style. It really is, however, a wayside chapel such as may be found anywhere in North Italy, and its resemblance to an Italian church will be closer when the west front is adorned with the proposed 'Annunciation' in *sgraffito* work. Internally, the decoration of the church is very rich, the walls, though their treatment is still incomplete, being covered with marble and frescoes. The latter are of unusual interest, as they were executed by the method known as 'silicate painting,' examples of which are hardly to be met with elsewhere in this country. They are preserving their freshness perfectly, though, for want of sufficient care in execution, the method failed so completely in the decoration of the Houses of Parliament. The frescoes at St. Martin's were painted by Mrs. Lea Merrit, who also gave to the church its much-admired altar-piece in oil.

If, however, we still cleave to the Tillingbourne Vale until our stream from the hills joins the Wey, it will not be long before we reach Shalford, with its fine expanse of common, its remnant of the old village stocks near the pretty modern church, the fourth of which we find mention on this site in the parish records, and its memories of a huge fair for the Canterbury pilgrims.

In Shalford, as in so many Surrey villages, the old and the new are mingled in curious juxtaposition; and as we ought not to quit the Tillingbourne Valley with lingering visions of the modern dwellings and

shops clustering round the railway-station, let us presently turn for a moment from the main Guildford road with its busy traffic. We shall forget the cyclist and the motorist and the modern builder if we stroll a few yards along the lane opposite the Sea Horse Inn, and find ourselves

ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH, BLACKHEATH.

by the old mill, which, with its large projecting upper story, is almost the last surviving relic of bygone days now to be noted on the banks of the little stream whose course we have been pursuing westward from the foot of the chalk cliffs at Gomshall.

CHAPTER VI

PEASLAKE, HOLMBURY ST. MARY, AND EWHURST

MR. MEREDITH tells us that when Redworth set forth from Copsley on his cross-country ride to find Diana at 'The Crossways,' he 'struck on a southward line from chalk ridge to sand, where he had a pleasant footing in familiar country, under beeches that browned the ways along beside a meadow brook fed by the heights, through pines and across deep sand ruts to full view of Weald and downs.'

We have no intention of emulating Redworth's haste, or of following his course across the county boundary into Sussex. But if, like him, we strike a line southward from the Tillingbourne Valley over the sand-hills to the Weald, we are assured of a particularly enjoyable afternoon's ramble, and one, too, which may be repeated by many different routes. If we select the direct road from Shere to Ewhurst, we can climb Pitch Hill, and win a view across the Weald inferior only to that which Leith Hill affords. But as we are not in Redworth's feverish haste, we will follow a more circuitous course, and bend our steps first by lane and footpath to the sequestered hamlet of Peaslake.

A thin line of red in a steep cleft between the pine-clad hills, Peaslake even now may be easily overlooked, and might well feel, not many years since, that it was almost completely hidden from the world. Long after the 'squatters,' of more or less questionable callings and repute, first took up their abode on the hillside, there was so little traffic to disturb the seclusion of the hamlet that the sight of a two-wheeled conveyance was a rare phenomenon.

All this, of course, has long since changed with the advent of a residential population and the coming of the cyclist. But despite the erection of many a modern residence on the neighbouring uplands, and the

PEASLAKE.

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sojournings of summer visitors, Peaslake itself still retains its essentially secluded and rural aspect. The village street—if street it may be called—runs for a short distance along the bottom of the valley, side by side with the tiny brooklet which is hasting on to join the Tillingbourne. Red-tiled cottages dot the hill-slopes at intervals; and the deep dark green of the pines above is a fitting setting to the warm hues of the roof-trees. And the open hillside on either hand is always charming, whether with the brilliance of the gorse, the bright green of the whortleberry, the purple of the heather, or the brown and yellow of the bracken in winter.

Peaslake to-day is prosperous as well as placid. Old residents will tell you that times have vastly altered since the days when the farm-labourer's wage was a mere pittance of a few shillings a week, and work not always easy to get even on those terms. I have one Peaslake friend, now prosperous and independent, with a cottage of his own, and his sons and daughters well placed out in the world, who likes to recall his early married life under these conditions. He will tell you how he and his wife 'figured it out' that their regular earnings only allowed them to spend on each meal three farthings a head for each member of their household, and how for other absolute necessaries they had to look to the extras earned at harvest and by pig-killing. Wages have, of course, risen since then, and with the steady growth of population have come increased opportunities of employment for the industrious working man, his sons and daughters; and to-day it is Peaslake's boast that it is both thriving and contented. True, one grievance remains in the opinion of some of its residents: it still lacks the fully licensed public-house which 'Madame' Grote so strenuously strove to secure.

We climb the hills east and west of Peaslake, and find ourselves in the Hurtwood, the 'No Man's Land,' or 'forest' of fifty or seventy years ago, which stretches up to the highest point of the sand-hills at Holmbury and above Ewhurst; and even to-day, notwithstanding the changes all around, to which reference has just been made, this wilderness of pines and beech and heather retains much of its former wildness and isolation. The rambler may lose his way half a dozen times in the course of the afternoon on the tortuous paths which traverse a district where pedestrians are still relatively few, and where for the time being the familiar landmarks of the neighbourhood are invisible. Here, as much as in any part of Surrey, it is difficult to realize that we are virtually within an hour of London

town, so complete is the isolation and the sense of rural solitude. And one can readily accept the story, for which Lord Midleton is the authority, that the late Mr. Sumner of Hatchlands used to say that on this wild heath he had made a bag of seven kinds of game—pheasants, partridges, snipe, woodcock, black game, hares and rabbits—in a single morning's walk.

Though landmarks and sign-posts be absent, we shall in due course emerge from the moor on the hillside, just above Holmbury St. Mary.

Perhaps the beauty of Holmbury St. Mary is more quickly realized if we approach it either by the road from Abinger Hammer, or by the footpath from Abinger Hatch, through the meadows and the wood, that brings us just to the northern end of the village. Here we have before us the complete picture of cottages and pines and charmingly-placed church on the hillside which combine to give Holmbury its unique charm.

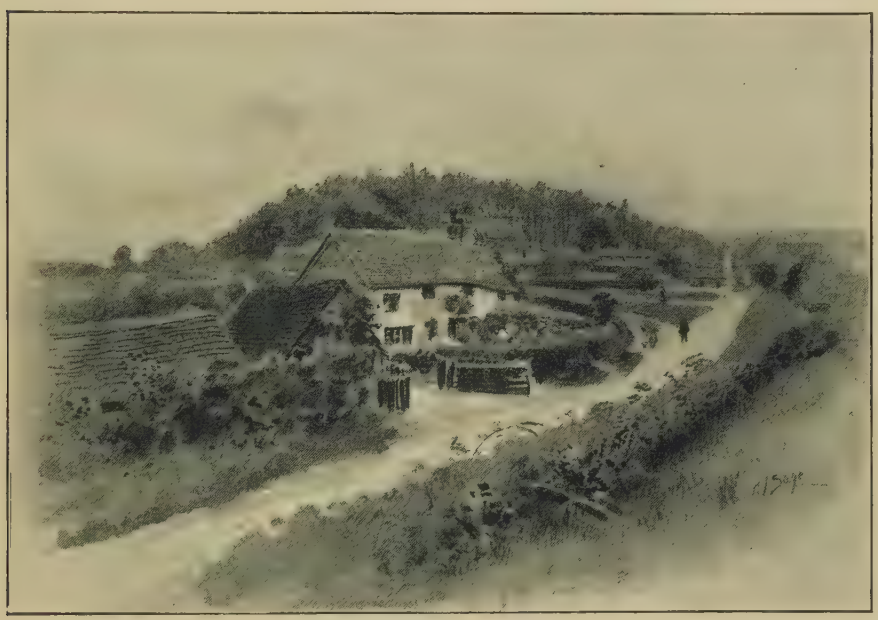
But fascinating, too, are the first glimpses of the valley which suddenly opens out before us now from the steep hillside. In a moment we have come upon a scene with a gracefulness, a trimness, a serene beauty of its own. Holmbury has essentially the air of quiet comfort and prosperity. Even its coffee-tavern and village institute is worthy of its surroundings. But all this is of modern growth—as modern as the name it now bears.

The Felday of old—the few scattered cottages on the banks of the brook, or here and there on the common—is fast disappearing in the sense that it is being merged in this newer growth. And yet, as in the case of Peaslake, we have not to look far back into the past to recall the times when the only inhabitants of the valley were the rough squatters, who for well-understood reasons of their own sought this seclusion from the rest of the world and contrived to appropriate just enough of the common land to erect a hut, which in time might become a passable cottage with a diminutive garden. A rough, wild district in those days, in which forest fires were even more frequent than they are now.

And bearing in mind the conditions which thus existed even less than a century ago, I always feel that historically the most interesting building in the village is the tiny unpretentious Congregational chapel, half hidden among the trees on the hillside. This modest and architecturally unattractive little building dates back to the old 'Surrey

Mission' of the Congregationalists. It was part of a sincere and praiseworthy effort to provide facilities for worship in portions of the wilds of Surrey, which had till then been neglected by other religious bodies. At Felday, long before Londoners had discovered the charms of the district, this chapel was for years the only centre in the hamlet for educational and elevating work. It was a mission outpost where admirable pioneer work was achieved.

Felday changed its name—and changed it for the worse in the opinion of some old-time friends—when in the seventies the ecclesiastical parish



A GLIMPSE OF HOLMBURY ST. MARY.

of Holmbury St. Mary was constructed by piecing together fragments from the six neighbouring parishes of Shere, Abinger, Ewhurst, Cranleigh, Ockley, and Ockham. Its parish church, indisputably one of the finest modern churches in the county, it owes to the munificence, as well as to the designs, of the late G. E. Street, R.A. In site and elevation nothing more effective could well be conceived, and but little study is needed to realize something of the care and skill which the architect lavished upon every detail of his designs. Internally the effect is, to the lay critic, not quite so pleasing. We miss the note of the highest simplicity, and the screen which cuts off the west end distinctly detracts from the general

effect of the rest of the nave. But on such points why seek to dogmatize? Everyone will agree that no architect could have left a worthier memorial of his skill than this most perfectly-placed church among the pines.

Of the modern residences which have of late been erected on or near Holmbury Hill, one need say but little; but of Holmbury House one ought to record that before it became the Surrey seat of the Hon. E. L. Leveson-Gower, it was the residence of Mrs. Marsh, the authoress of 'Emilia Wyndham,' as well as of the 'Memorials' of Hedley Vicars. As everyone recalls, it was to Holmbury that the body of Bishop Wilberforce was brought after the fatal fall on Evershed's Rough, and beneath the same roof Mr. Gladstone spent at different times not a few week-ends when the pressure of his political work in town was greatest.

Modern as Holmbury St. Mary unquestionably is, it has two links with a distant past. On Holmbury Hill, a little more than a mile south of the church, there are vestiges of a camp which, whether it be British or Roman in origin, shows clear indication of Roman science. It is true, no doubt, that such a fortification, perched on the top of a hill and away from water, is unlike the work of the legions, as Mr. Malden fairly argues. And it seems more reasonable to assume, with him, that it belongs to the time when the Romans had departed, and when the Welsh of Surrey were alarmed by the progress of English invaders from north, east, and west.

Be this as it may, we can reasonably believe that from Holmbury Hill we are looking down upon the scene of the great battle between the Danes and the English under Ethelwolf in 851, which looms so prominently in the story of the chroniclers. Henry of Huntingdon tells us how the Danes were exterminated by the West Saxons in a desperate fight 'hard by Ockley Wood,' and goes on to speak of the warriors charging together 'as thick as ears of corn,' and of 'rivers of blood rolling away the heads and limbs of the slain.' And finally he shows that God 'gave the fortune of war to those who believed on Him,' and 'ineffable confusion' to those who despised Him. We must remember, of course, that these are the picturesque touches of a chronicler who was certainly not an eye-witness of the scene he describes, but who was possibly echoing the phrases of some earlier ballad by which the memory of the conflict had been handed down to later generations.

But this Battle of Ockley, though known to us only in vaguest outline, well deserved the importance given it in these early records. The Danes, after sacking London, were on their way through Surrey to Winchester, eager, probably, to meet and conquer the West Saxon King. 'Up the Stone Street from his post of observation upon the Channel, and perhaps

THE EDGE OF THE PINE WOODS, HOLMBURY ST. MARY.

from Arundel, came Ethelwolf and his son Ethelward, and the host of the West Saxons. The South Saxons and the scattered foresters of the Weald would flock to his standard upon the march. By the old English constitution every man on pain of being pronounced a worthless outlaw was bound to rally to the King's standard in such a crisis. And when

the golden dragon of Wessex was in the field and the beacons blazing on the downs, and the answering smoke of Danish ravage was going up to heaven from London to the Weald, no true Englishman in Hampshire or in Sussex or in Surrey but came in the train of Ethelwolf to live or die with him.'

Such are some of the vigorous words in which Mr. Malden has conceived the scene. Victory, as we have seen, rested with the Saxons; a check was given to Danish conquest, and the respite so won among the woods and on the hills of Surrey allowed time for the consolidation of West Saxon rule, and rendered possible the later triumphs associated with Alfred's name.

Happily, we have few battlefields to visit in South-west Surrey, and we can speedily banish from our minds the thoughts suggested by these distant memories of the fateful struggle 'hard by Ockley Wood,' as we gaze upon the lovely prospect which Holmbury Hill affords. The view from here, as from Ewhurst Hill, closely resembles that to be obtained from Leith Hill, though it is not quite so extensive. On our right lie the richly wooded uplands, stretching from Godalming to Hascombe, and behind them the heaths and wild country that connect Hindhead and Farnham. Immediately to the south we overlook the whole expanse of the Weald. Possibly, on an exceptionally clear day, the distant gleam of the sea may be discerned through one of the breaks of the Sussex Downs.

From the hill-top we drop down not quite to the Wealden clay itself, but to one of the southern spurs of the sand-hills that project into the Weald. Here we find Ewhurst village and church, almost hidden from our view when on the hills above, but nevertheless a landmark in olden days of the progress made in reclaiming and civilizing the great Wealden Forest. That the place owes its name to the fact that it abounded with yew, and was within the 'hurst' (or woody country), we can readily believe. To-day, as we see for ourselves, the oak still flourishes on the deep clay soil, and centuries ago Ewhurst certainly was on the borders of the Anderida Silva of the Romans.

No great effort of the imagination is needed to picture this wild stretch of country in primitive times, when, in addition to the thick growth of oaks and underwood, there were swamps in every hollow; when the trunks of trees lay where they fell, blocking up water-courses, and still

more closely entangling the mass of brambles; and 'when beavers dammed the streams and wolves lurked in the thickets.' Who can wonder that the region was known as the 'uninhabited place'?

This wild and uncultivated district completely cut off the county of Surrey from the south, and necessarily caused it to make all its communications in early days with the north, east, and west.

But the beginning of a change came with the Romans. Traces have been discovered of a Roman road, which entered Surrey north-east of Warnham, and ran northwards by Summersbury Wood to Ewhurst and

HOLMBURY ST. MARY CHURCH.

Ewhurst Hill. Beyond the latter it cannot be traced, but more probably than not communication extended thence to the Roman station which existed on Farley Heath. Possibly the Romans carried their 'straight line' from that point onwards to the gap in the chalk at Guildford, or, as several authorities have conjectured, by Stonebridge and Puttenham to Cæsar's Camp and Ewshot, in the extreme west of the county. Thus, in a measure, Ewhurst may have been put in touch with the outside world.

After the Romans had gone, the subjugation of the great forest was no doubt achieved by slow stages. In it outlaws and the remnant of the

conquered tribes found a refuge and lived as hunters. By degrees its less inaccessible parts were utilized by the feeding of hordes of swine on the acorns, and several centuries later still the finding of iron and the development of the iron industry led to further inroads of civilization and a considerable clearing of the ground to provide fuel for the furnaces.

To return, however, to Ewhurst Church and village. Throughout all these generations the records are of the slightest. Its manors were at different times held by the family of Bray, but otherwise no specially noteworthy names and incidents are linked with its annals. Nevertheless, we get just a glimpse of its parochial life during the Civil War. It appears from the minutes of the proceedings of the Committee for Plundered Ministers, in 1647, that some little trouble was experienced in bringing the parishioners 'into line' with the views of the authorities. The rectory of Ewhurst had been sequestrated, and John Winge appointed to it. But in July, 1647, complaint was made in due form to the committee that, 'notwithstanding the said sequestration, the parishioners of the said parish refused to pay their tithes in demand of the said sequestration.'

The parishioners were peremptorily ordered by the committee to do so, and John Hill, George Ellis, Overington Jeale senior, and Overington Jeale junior, four of their number, were to hand over to Winge the tithes and 'proffits' due unto him, or show cause to the contrary on the 21st of July following. Apparently, however, the parishioners continued contumacious. For on July 21 the committee found that they had not given Mr. Winge the slightest satisfaction, nor did the culprits make any appearance in compliance with the order. Consequently instructions were given to arrest Hill, Ellis, and the two Jeales, and bring them before the committee to answer for their contempt. What happened we know not. But an entry in the parish register is significant:

'1647, 1648, 1649. No pties were Married in this Parish by mee Mr. Wing, those wch were nuptiated were joyn'd together by such Ministers as opposed the directory.'

Nevertheless, Mr. Winge seems to have held his own in the long-run, and to have survived this contempt. Eleven years later (namely, in September, 1660) the register records, 'John Winge minester was bered.' His death, it will be seen, occurred within a few months of the Restoration.

CHAPTER VII

CRANLEIGH AND HASCOMBE

THE approach to Cranleigh from Ewhurst and the southern spurs of the sand-hills is to-day so pleasant, and the village itself presents so bright and prosperous an aspect, that it is not easy to realize its extreme isolation a century ago or less. True, some improvement was effected by the opening of the turnpike road between Guildford and Horsham in 1796—an event of sufficient importance to be commemorated by the erection by John Ellery of the obelisk still conspicuous at the cross-roads. Yet, even in Cobbett's time and later the roads and lanes of 'bottomless clay' which traversed the Weald were notorious for their badness. Again and again contemporary writers denounce them as always bad, and in winter almost impassable.

In fact, Cranleigh, lying far from the chief arteries of traffic, and with the hills and wilds of Hurtwood to the north, and the Weald itself to the south, was to an exceptional degree cut off from the rest of the world. Moreover, even when in turnpike days the Horsham and Guildford road was tolerably well kept up, the tolls were almost prohibitive. As recently as 1846, when the railway had reached Guildford, the traveller from Cranleigh to the county town had to pass through no less than four turnpike gates, paying at each gate sixpence in the summer and sevenpence-halfpenny in the winter for one horse, or a shilling and one and threepence respectively if he drove a pair. If, indeed, he journeyed all the way from Guildford to Horsham, his tolls would cost him more than the whole journey from London to Portsmouth.

So in the first years of the Victorian era, and earlier still, Cranleigh was of sheer necessity a self-contained little community, glorying, no doubt, during the bright golden days of summer in the rich luxuriance of

its well-wooded environs, but conscious amid the mud and the snows of winter that it was thrown back upon itself for nearly all the necessaries of village life.

Of course, all this has long been changed. Before the opening of the Guildford and Horsham line in 1865 good roads had taken the place of bad; and with the advent of the railway the village entered upon an era of prosperity and progress of which there are ample proofs to-day.

How much that progress has really meant to the life of the people! Perhaps no one is better qualified to bear testimony on this score than the present Rector (Archdeacon Sapte), whose incumbency dates back to 1846. Mr. W. Welch, in the interesting notes he penned a short time since, vividly sketched some of the conditions which then prevailed, and I quote a few suggestive sentences.

'The farm labourers,' he writes, 'lived mostly in the houses of the farmers, and were hired by the quarter, while those who lived in the cottages paid rents varying from one shilling to two shillings, and received ten shillings to twelve shillings a week as wages. Of course, little meat but home-grown pork could be indulged in, and great must have been the rejoicing when the score of sheep which the Rector's dog (unfortunately for him) had worried were divided up among the poorer inhabitants. Most of the bread was baked at home, and well it might be, as the price of a small loaf was tenpence. There were no fireplaces and ovens in the cottages as we now see them. Coals, which came up by barge to Elm Bridge, and cost about thirty shillings a ton, were a luxury to be indulged in only by the well-to-do. Paraffin oil was not heard of, and even candles were not seen in the cottages, their place being supplied by home-made rushlights, ignited in most cases from the old tinder-box with flint and steel. Lucifer matches were no doubt sold here as early as 1830, when their form was somewhat similar to the crackers now found in Christmas bonbons, but their price was very different from what it is now.'

Of herbalists and witches or wise women there were not a few, and the Rector could tell of one patient who was ordered to eat nine mice—and did it.

On the contrast with modern conditions which these details suggest I need not dwell. The Cranleigh of to-day may know something of patent

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medicines, but it has lost faith entirely in witches. It enjoys most, if not all, of the 'amenities' of modern life; and in some respects, as we shall presently see, it has kept particularly well abreast of the times. But first let us look back a little further into its past.

If we make our way to the church, we shall notice at once that the fabric has suffered severely, both architecturally and in regard to its monuments, from neglect and at the hands of the restorer. It may be that the tower and the north transept arch were part of the original church on the same site referred to in Roger de Clere's grant of the advowson to John Fitz-Geoffrey in 1244. But the body of the building belongs plainly to the fourteenth century. The thickness of the tower walls is noteworthy, and it has been surmised that the junction of the nave and the chancel at one period in the history of the building is indicated by the massiveness of the piers now standing at the corner of the nave and transept. The present transepts are quite modern. They were built (1867) to take the place of two chapels which projected beyond the two aisles, and were separated from them by fine open-work screens described in Manning and Bray as 'lattices of curious and elegant workmanship.' Part of these screens has been utilized in the present pulpit, and part in the south (or Baynards) transept.

The side-chapels just mentioned belonged—as the transepts do now—to the two chief manors in the neighbourhood: the north to Knowle and the south to Baynards. In Manning and Bray the south chapel is erroneously ascribed to Knowle and the north to Vachery. The latter error is patent, for when this portion of the church was built Vachery had a private chapel of its own.

Of comparatively recent restorations and alterations it is not needful to speak here; but I may mention that traces of fresco were found on the chancel and side-arches, but have now disappeared, and that a print in Hill and Peak's 'Ecclesiastical Topography of the County of Surrey' (1760) shows two dormer-windows on the south side of the roof to light the galleries. The three sedilia, for Bishop, priest and deacon respectively, have been thought to favour the theory that the church was at one time collegiate.

The monuments, as I have said, have also suffered severely. The oldest now to be seen is the coffin-shaped lid with a cross cut on it, which lies outside the church near the east window. Its date is early

in the fourteenth century; it may be the tomb of the projector of the present church. On the south side outside is a square tablet with a long inscription to Richard Mower, 1630, who seems to have improved the earth and made barren land rich. There are other stones in the church to Mowers, who, it has been conjectured, may have been descendants of Sir T. More of Baynards.

In front of the altar there was a stone to Dame Onslow, 1679. Other members of the family are buried there, but no inscriptions remain. Of the fragments of several fine brasses which have escaped destruction, the most interesting is a small brass in the south side of the chancel, supposed to represent Richard Caryngton, Rector, who died in 1507. At the north side is a fragment in brass of what was once the most important tomb in the church, namely, that of Robert Harding and Agas his wife, whose father bought Knowle in 1467. To this plate a curious history attaches. It disappeared from the church during the restoration in 1845, and was sold at Reading, eventually passing into the hands of a collector of curiosities at Wallingford, on whose death it was again sold by auction in London. Here, luckily, it was identified, bought, and placed in Archdeacon Sapte's hands, to be again securely fixed in the church from which it was stolen more than fifty years before. Harding, who died in 1503, was a great benefactor to the church and village. His low altar-tomb was no doubt used also as an Easter sepulchre.

In the churchyard we cannot fail to note the beautiful stone cross erected by the late Mr. G. E. Street to the memory of his second wife, who was originally buried here, but whose body has now been removed to Holmbury.

One name stands out conspicuously in Cranleigh's list of Rectors. I refer to that of Thomas de Wykehurst (or De Cranley), who was probably born at Wykehurst Farm, and became Archbishop of Dublin at the close of the fourteenth century, just after Richard II.'s attempt to subdue the Irish and reassert English supremacy. The Archbishop, who was also Chief Justice or Deputy of Ireland, and something of a poet to boot, apparently did not relish his task; at least, he found a subject for his muse in the refractory and unmanageable character of the Irish people as he conceived it. But he was a man of considerable parts, and earlier in life he bore his share in the making of the Oxford

we know to-day. Before he became Rector of his native parish in 1380 he had, as a Fellow of Merton College, shared in the advantages of the collegiate system instituted by William de Merton. When William of Wykeham decided to found New College, so that the benefits of the same system might be secured to the scholars of his foundation at Winchester, he chose Thomas de Wykehurst for the first Warden, and the latter accordingly forsook his cure of souls at Cranleigh to undertake these new duties. He entered on these on the vigil of Palm Sunday, 1386, when, so we read, the first Warden and Fellows formally took possession of the new buildings of the college 'with solemn processions and litanies, commending themselves to the care and protection of the Almighty.' Later on Thomas became Chancellor of the University, and on his death (1417) he was buried, not in Dublin nor at Cranleigh, but before the high altar in the chapel of New College, where a brass to his memory is still to be seen.

The Knowle and Baynards chantries, however, link the church and village of Cranleigh with more notable names than that of Thomas de Wykehurst. Concerning Knowle and the Onslows I shall have more to say hereafter. Of Baynards and its traditions we may conveniently speak here, even though the mansion itself is some distance away in the far south-east corner of the parish. Baynards, which is frequently referred to by Martin Tupper in 'Stephan Langton' as the Surrey seat of Fitz-Walter, is one of the few haunted houses still to be found in Surrey. Nowadays, it is true, you will learn little of the legend attached to it, save from your guide-book. Still, not so many years ago, as credible historians relate, no villager in the neighbourhood would approach the house after nightfall for fear of the ghost, which was alleged to have made the place its home for generations.

The story goes back over many, many years, and has survived many vicissitudes. It is traced (conjecturally) to the middle of the sixteenth century, when the head of Sir Thomas More, after his execution, was believed to have been preserved beneath the roof of Baynards by his favourite daughter, Margaret Roper, who resided there with her daughter, then the wife of Sir Edward Bray the younger. Now, we must bear in mind that the house in which poor Sir Thomas's head was thus believed to have found a temporary resting-place was not the mansion we now see. The ghost survived the demolition of the earlier house and clung to

the site even when Sir George More erected a new dwelling-house, and again when, fifty or sixty years ago, the Rev. T. Thurlow enlarged, restored, and almost rebuilt the mansion.

But more than this: Margaret Roper herself was buried in St. Dunstan's Church, Canterbury, and near her coffin her father's skull was placed in a niche in the wall. Further still, at least one critic has boldly asserted that Margaret Roper never lived at Baynards at all. And yet for years—nay, for centuries—the Baynards ghost continued to linger on the spot, and Sir Thomas More's head was alleged to have had an uncomfortable knack of rolling audibly down the stairs of the house at midnight.

With or without the alleged ghost, Baynards passed from the Mores to the Evelyns. John Evelyn speaks, among other things, of an avenue of a hundred splendid oak-trees planted by his brother, and cut down shortly afterwards to pay his debts withal. Subsequently the house became the property of the first Lord Onslow, who removed most of the old painted glass to West Clandon Church, where it may still be seen. At the beginning of the century the house was used merely as a farmhouse. A correspondent in Hone's Year-book (1831), who visited it, and found it very dilapidated, says he was told by the then housekeeper that in the great gallery, 100 feet long, an annual cricket-match used to be played by the men of Rudgwick against the Cranleigh team.

But in 1832 the property was sold to the Rev. Thomas Thurlow, a nephew of Lord Chancellor Thurlow, and by him, as I have already incidentally mentioned, it was very thoroughly restored. A few years later, when still in the hands of the Thurlows, it was connected with an election episode which was long the talk of the countryside. The Rev. T. Thurlow's son, Thomas Lyon Thurlow, was particularly unlucky in his political experiences. Anxious to retrieve two previous defeats, he and his family strained every nerve to insure his success when he stood again for the borough of Guildford in 1852. The borough still returned a couple of members. All three candidates in the field fought stubbornly, and all were confident of victory. But at Baynards especially everyone was sanguine; every preparation was made to celebrate fittingly the triumph which was believed to be imminent.

The polling proved as close as had been expected. Out of a total electorate of 557, no less than 505 burgesses recorded their votes, leaving only 33 unaccounted for after deducting deaths and Government officials.

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CRANLEIGH COMMON AND WINDMILL.

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But again the Squire of Baynards was doomed to disappointment, for the figures were: Mangles 370, Bell 251, Thurlow 244.

The local humourists, of course, made the most of the incident. I have before me one of the many placards which appeared in Guildford after the result of the poll, worded thus:

'*A Bargain.*

FOR SALE,
A NEW GILT FLAG,
"VICTORY,"
On dark blue silk—the owner having no use for it!
Apply to Mr. Strut, or at Baynards Park."

Among a good many specimens of doggerel prompted by the occasion, the happiest was a parody of Byron's 'The Destruction of Sennacherib.' I quote a few verses:

'THE DESTRUCTION OF THURLACHERIB.

'The Lyon came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his banners were gleaming with purple and gold,
And his malice and spite were like foam on the sea,
When the wave rolls in tempest on deep Galilee.

'Like the leaves of the forest when the summer is green,
That host full of banter on Sunday was seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
Their hopes on the morrow were wither'd and strown.

'For the Angel "Defeat" spread his wings on the blast,
And he breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the hopes of the Tories waxed deadly and chill,
And their spleen but once heav'd, and for ever grew still.

* * * * *

'And the mother at Baynards was loud in her wail—
As thrice he had striven, it was hard he should fail;
And the might of the Lyon—in triumph we tell—
Hath been crushed in the dust by the Mangle and Bell.'

There have been many changes at Baynards since the days of the Thurlows, and it is matter for regret that a large proportion of the art treasures and interesting relics which were once gathered within its walls,

and which included many old masters, some excellent Gobelin tapestry, and the charter-chest of Sir Thomas More, have now been scattered.

Here, too, it may be convenient to note that little save the moat and fish-ponds now remains to remind us of the former importance of Vachery —so called as the principal grange or dairy farm of the Manor of Shere. But in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the house must have been of considerable importance. It was often used as a residence by the lords of Shere, and the records show that it included in Edward I.'s time an oratory or chapel, to which a chaplaincy was attached, and that in 1362 Eleanor, Countess of Ormond, obtained a license for the marriage of Walter Fitz-Walter (of Baynards) to her daughter, Eleanor Dagworth, 'in the chapel of her manor of Vachery.'

In more recent times Vachery played some part in connection with the Wey and Arun Canal. This undertaking was one of the many similar projects which figured largely in the public eye at the beginning of the last century, when ingenious engineers were busy planning ambitious schemes of inland waterways, and expatiated in eloquent phrase on the immeasurable advantages to trade and agriculture which would follow from their construction.

The canal was constructed under Parliamentary powers obtained in 1813 to provide a waterway from the Thames to Arundel Harbour by connecting the Wey with the Arun. It started from the former river at Stonebridge, Shalford, and passed Wonersh Park, Ridinghurst, and Loxwood, running in all a course of some eighteen miles before it joined the Arun at Newbridge, near Billinghurst. Vachery Water was one of its chief reservoirs, and the authorizing Act contained special provision for compensation to the then owner of Vachery, Mr. T. Lowndes. The canal has long since met the fate which has overtaken most undertakings of its class. The Wey end is quite unnavigable now; portions of its bed are dry and overgrown with grass and brushwood. But old residents still recall stories of the days when consignments of bullion were sent by this route from London to Portsmouth in barges guarded by soldiers.

In still earlier days Cranleigh and district were the scene of another form of industrial activity. Hammer Farm and Hammer Lane, near Vachery, recall the fact that the stream running from Vachery Pond supplied the water-power for the 'forge in Cranleigh in the hands of Gardener,' on Lady Bray's property, which is mentioned in the list

(dated 1574) of the principal ironmasters, forges and furnaces in Surrey. Of these Surrey ironworks generally I shall have more to say in a subsequent chapter. Here it is enough to mention that one of the best specimens of the many iron firebacks of local manufacture which were previously to be found in the parish is that dated 1606, still to be seen in the Rector's study.

Two other points may be noted in connection with Cranleigh at this period. 'Rowland's Stores' are known to have been a shop at least since 1603. It was formerly reached by a wooden bridge across the stream, which then flowed along the side of the road for some distance, all the houses being reached similarly by wooden bridges. Oliver Cromwell once stayed at Oliver House, and gave Cranleigh a warrant to hold a fair every Tuesday. The parchment with his sign manual written across the Great Seal of England is still in existence, and is in the possession of Sir George Bonham.

And before going further afield we must briefly record two or three of the notable developments of later years. The question often arises how and why has the 'Cranley' of bygone years become the 'Cranleigh' of to-day. The answer is more easily supplied and more prosaic than is often the case in regard to such orthographic changes. The provision of railway facilities and a modern postal service brought into prominence the risk of confusion between the names of the Surrey Cranley and the Sussex Crawley. The result was that representations were made (1867) from the parish to both the railway and postal authorities that much annoyance and inconvenience would be obviated if the second syllable read 'leigh' instead of 'ley.' Some not unnatural opposition to this proposal was manifested on sentimental grounds, despite the fact that in the thirteenth-century deeds the spelling adopted was 'Cranlegh' or 'Cranelegh.' But the change was effected, and its practical usefulness has now secured for it almost universal adoption.

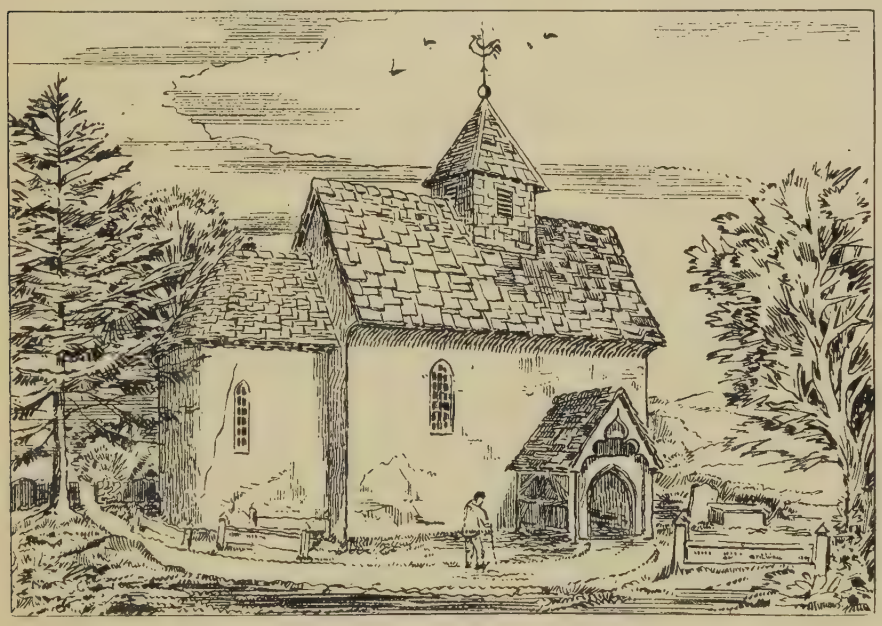
In other ways Cranleigh has entered upon a new era since the advent of the railway. Its wide, breezy common, its pleasant aspect and health-giving air, its nearness to some of the choicest bits of Surrey scenery among the hills and in the Weald, have helped to attract to it a full share of the influx of residents and visitors which late years have witnessed throughout South-west Surrey. Moreover, the village itself, while still retaining much of its old-time character, has in many ways

given proof of a thoroughly progressive spirit. Its village hospital, opened as far back as 1859, and now half hidden amongst the trees which flourish in its garden, was the pioneer institution of the kind in the country. In the Lady Peek Institute, as well as in the chapel of Cranleigh School, it has enduring tokens of the interest in the welfare of the parish which the late Sir Henry Peek manifested in so many ways. And Cranleigh School itself, which dates back to 1865, has earned a place among the prominent educational establishments of the county.

Presently we shall have to ramble from Cranleigh on to the 'fold country,' which lies so close at hand. But before we start on these wanderings, and before, too, we touch upon the associations of Knowle, we shall do well to make our way by Nore Farm to Hascombe. As we reach higher ground we gain many charming prospects of the Weald and of the range of sand-hills that we leave behind us. And Hascombe amply rewards us for our stroll. The village itself is picturesquely placed among the uplands to the south of Godalming. Its beeches on the high ridge to the south, which was formerly used as a semaphore station, have long been a famous landmark, and a portion of the ridge known as Castle Hill was the site of an ancient camp, which closely resembled that on Holmbury Hill. If it was not, as Mr. Nevill thinks, undoubtedly Roman work, it unquestionably shows traces of Roman science. Near at hand, too, are the Burgate chestnuts, overlooking a narrow coombe and commanding a view of the Weald which has not been overpraised as 'a bit of Spain it would be difficult to parallel this side of the Pyrenees.'

But over and above all this Hascombe is proud, and justly proud, of its church. St. Peter's, Hascombe, unquestionably ranks, with St. Barnabas at Ranmore and with St. Mary at Holmbury, amongst the most noteworthy specimens of modern church architecture in Mid and West Surrey. Like them it bears striking witness to the revival which had touched even our remote rural parishes before the Victorian era had sped more than half its course; like them it is notable for the zeal with which art and devotion have joined hands to do their utmost for the restoration and adornment of the village house of worship.

Unlike Holmbury St. Mary or Ranmore, St. Peter's, Hascombe, is, however, in one sense a restoration. A church existed on the present site in the thirteenth century, perhaps seventy or eighty years before the first Rector named in the list of incumbents from 1305 to the present time, which is to be seen on the walls of the edifice to-day. Many were the vicissitudes which befell this fabric in the course of centuries, and deplorable was the condition to which neglect had reduced it just before Canon Musgrave was instituted as Rector in 1862. 'A large, irregular



ST. PETER'S, HASCOMBE, *CIRCA* A.D. 1220.
(*F. M.*, 1863.)

opening' took the place of the original chancel arch, 'with the wall above propped up by two heavy balks of timber.' There were 'great gaping cracks and rents in the walls; the unseemly west gallery with its barrel organ stretching across the nave, and all but touching the second rickety gallery on the north, propped up on four legs; and an unseemly stove with its pipe frequently sending out dark smoke into the church, running through one of the windows; other windows filled up with bricks and mortar.' The churchyard, which to-day charms the eye at once with its trimness and quiet beauty, was then dark and

gloomy, shut in by large spruce firs, abounding in tall weeds and rank grass, with high mounds of graves piled up and carelessly kept.

As for the fabric itself, either thorough restoration or entire rebuilding was imperatively necessary, and in the end the latter alternative was chosen. The last service in the old church was held in June, 1863; just a year later the new church, designed by the late Mr. Woodyer, was consecrated, and since then each successive year has seen some addition to the completeness of its equipment and its remarkable decora-

ST. PETER'S, HASCOMBE, REBUILT A.D. 1864.
(*F. M.*, 1864.)

tions. Whether externally or internally, no greater contrast could well be conceived than that between the church as we see it to-day—simple in architectural outline, but uniquely rich in its adornment—and the cheerless and forbidding structure whose place it so worthily fills. Its walls are bright with colour; its windows 'richly dight' all have a story to tell. In little things as in great the same reverent care and refined taste are apparent. A village cathedral in miniature St. Peter's has been termed more than once by admiring visitors, and I do not know that the praise or the phrase is overstrained. A detailed description

of its decorative work is given by Canon Musgrave in the privately-published account of the church he prepared some sixteen years ago for the use of his parishioners, and I may refer here to a few specially distinctive features.

First, however, we should note that the porch contains much of the old oak timber used in the porch of the former building, and that the massive modern lock was made to fit the ancient key with which for two or three centuries the Rectors of Hascombe have been inducted. The oak cross of the Purbeck marble font was constructed from all that remained sound in the very old seat in the old porch. In the nave the eye is struck at once by the dado representing the post-Resurrection miracle of the Apostolic net, with its 'hundred and fifty and three fishes,' the exact number depicted on the wall.

The glass of the lancet windows commemorates different scenes in the life of St. Peter, the patron saint of the church, of whom too, the pulpit bears a well-carved statuette. The chancel screen is noteworthy, not only because it dates back some four centuries, but also for the decorations recently carried out in memory of the late Mr. and Mrs. Rowcliffe, of Hall Place, whom Hascombe folk have good cause to remember with gratitude. The chancel windows mainly set forth scenes in our Lord's life in which angels are concerned, while the subjects in the spandrils above depict their ministrations to man. In the reredos the adoration of the Lamb is represented; facing it on each side, to connect Hascombe with the nineteen churches of the deanery, are demi-figures of the patron saints of the churches.

Much more might be said of the reverent work which gives to every corner of St. Peter's, Hascombe, a character of its own. But though I have necessarily touched only upon its most salient features, I have said enough to explain its unique interest and attractiveness to every rambler in these uplands just above the Weald.

CHAPTER VIII

KNOWLE AND THE ONSLOWS

ONE by one the links which visibly connected the family of Onslow with the parish and village of Cranleigh have almost wholly disappeared. The church now contains no memorial bearing a name once so familiar and so powerful in the district. In the outside world, whatever may be the case with Cranleigh, there is some difficulty in recognising the local associations signified by the courtesy-title of Viscount Cranley. Further, just a century ago, the Onslows left Knowle for Clandon; and the old house, which after their departure became a picturesque farmhouse, abounding in old oak, was pulled down by Captain Hanham. A small villa residence was erected on the site, and has since been enlarged by subsequent owners. The only remnant of the original house consists in some old linen-pattern wainscoting, formerly in a chapel attached to the house, and now in Sir George Bonham's study.

And yet we should do scant justice to the men of note associated with the village in bygone days if we did not recall the names and glance hurriedly at the careers of two or three members of a family which, during and after its residence at Knowle, gained honourable prominence in our Parliamentary history.

The fragment of the tomb of Robert Harding and Agas his wife, which we have already noticed in the church, gives us the clue to the coming of the Onslows—originally a Shropshire family—to Surrey. Robert Harding was an Alderman and a goldsmith of London. Katherine, his daughter and heiress, became the wife of Richard Onslow, who was for a time Recorder of the City of London. In many ways the marriage appears to have been happily conceived. The Surrey estate which thus passed into Onslow's hands by his marriage was, in Arthur Onslow's words, 'no small one for the age.' And Richard Onslow's abilities were sufficient

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KNOWLE IN 1840

(From an engraving in Brayley and Britten's 'Surrey.')

To face p. 74.

to win for him both fame and position in the public service. Bred a lawyer, he rose rapidly in his profession; for although he died when in his forty-fourth year, he became successively Attorney of the Duchy of Lancaster, Recorder of the City of London, Solicitor-General, and the first of the three members of the family to occupy the Speaker's Chair in the House of Commons.

We know little of Richard Onslow outside his political and professional career. The valuable Onslow papers published not long since by the Historical Manuscripts Commission give us but meagre personal details. But some interesting particulars have come down to us of one or two notable episodes in his Parliamentary record. One of these turned upon just such a question of procedure and constitutional law as our Parliamentarians of to-day love to seize and wrestle with, possibly to magnify into an issue of vital importance to the nation.

Thus, Onslow was appointed Solicitor-General early in 1566, during a prorogation of Parliament, but whilst he himself was still a member of the House of Commons. When Parliament reassembled in September, he, in accordance with the custom then followed, received his writ of attendance in the House of Lords by virtue of his office of Solicitor-General. But when the Commons, meeting at the same time, proceeded to the election of a new Speaker, attention was called to the fact that the Solicitor-General, though a member of the Lower House, was absent.

Here, obviously, were materials for a very pretty quarrel. Onslow was Solicitor-General. As such the House of Lords required his presence; the House of Commons, on its part, demanded his attendance as a member of their own body. The Peers, when appealed to, adopted an ingenious device. They sent Onslow himself to the Commons to demonstrate why and how it was that constitutionally he must perforce attend in the Upper House. The duty was faithfully discharged. We are told that the Solicitor-General alleged 'many weighty reasons' in support of the Peers' contention. But his efforts were in vain. His fellow-members of the House of Commons turned a deaf ear to his arguments, adjudged him to be one of their number, and, to clinch the matter, proceeded to elect him as their Speaker. Their victory was complete. And though perhaps no Speaker was chosen under similar conditions, Onslow appears to have filled the position with excellent tact, judgment, and firmness. For by virtue of his office Onslow figured prominently in some

of the many incidents which marked Elizabeth's management of her faithful Commons.

The Parliament of 1566 was bent on securing some settlement of the question of the succession. It formally demanded the Queen's marriage or the naming of her successor. Elizabeth's retort was an injunction through Onslow as Speaker that they should proceed no further with the business. But to this behest the Commons were not prepared to submit. That 'hard and plain-spoken man,' Paul Wentworth, wanted to know whether that prohibition was not 'against the liberties of Parliament,' and hot debates ensued. When the Queen, in a fresh message, commanded that there should be no further argument, she was met with a fresh request for freedom of deliberation. Here Elizabeth's tact and discretion came to the rescue. Through the Speaker she assured the Commons that 'she did not mean to prejudice any part of the liberties heretofore granted them.' Her command of silence was softened to a request, and the Commons, won by this graciousness, received the Speaker's message 'most joyfully with hearty prayers and thanks for the same.'

How Richard Onslow bore himself through all this turmoil we have scanty means of judging, but he appears to have been able to give firm expression to the dominant feelings of the House and to the limitations of the royal favour. Addressing the Queen, he is reported to have declared: 'By our common law, although there be for the Prince provided many princely prerogatives and royalties, yet it is not such as the Prince can take money or other things as he will at his own pleasure without order; but quietly to suffer his subjects to enjoy their own without wrongful oppression.'

Remembering the submissive language in which Elizabeth was usually addressed, there is a resoluteness about these words which can hardly be mistaken.

Onslow, nevertheless, did not suffer any loss of favour at Court for this firm stand for constitutional rights. He died in 1571, the year in which the Parliament next met after the stormy session of 1566. But his elder brother Falk was Clerk of the House of Commons throughout the rest of the reign. One of his daughters was Maid of Honour to the Queen, and his eldest son dying without children, his second son Edward was knighted by the Queen.

KINGSTON-UPON-THAMES
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ARTHUR ONSLOW.

The Third Speaker Onslow, and Grandson of Sir Arthur Onslow of Knowle.

To face p. 76.

Sir Edward seems to have spent his days quietly in retirement at Knowle. He was, we read, a 'person of eminent virtue and piety, and a Church Puritan.' But he made no attempt to emulate his father's example by taking part in public work; and it was left to the next generation to regain for the family the prominence in this respect which was won by the first Speaker Onslow.

Sir Edward's eldest son dying without issue, Knowle passed to his second son, afterwards Sir Richard Onslow—'that fox of Surrey,' as Cromwell styled him, 'that artful man,' as his great-grandson, Arthur Onslow, afterwards described him. And concerning Sir Richard and his diplomatic, if somewhat tortuous, course throughout the troublous years from 1640 to 1660 we have learnt much.

Richard succeeded to Knowle while still in his minority, and was knighted by James in 1627 at the age of twenty-three. When in his twenty-sixth year he was chosen a Knight of the Shire for the county of Surrey. The event is worth recording, for, as Arthur Onslow says with justifiable pride, 'it laid the foundation of that interest both in the county of Surrey and in 'he town of Guildford that our family have ever since kept up to a height that has been scarcely equalled in any county by one family.' Much esteemed in his own county, Onslow was appointed a justice of the peace five years later, and speedily 'bore the principal sway' in county business and interests. With his great spirit and abilities strong ambition was, however, linked. He was 'much set upon raising his family,' and to this end he pursued a policy which his great-grandson does not hesitate to describe as artful and cunning.

At the outset of the troubles with Charles, Onslow, whose sympathies were distinctly with the Parliament, unhesitatingly sided with the people. By command of the Commons, he raised a regiment of his own, appeared at Kingston in force in the nick of time to seize Justice Mallet when the latter was on the point of adjourning the sessions and repairing to the King; was appointed one of the sequestrators of the estates of the Surrey Royalists; took part in the siege of Basing House; helped Waller to provide the sinews of war; and when the Self-denying Ordinance was passed promptly resigned his command in the army.

Up to this point there seems little cause for complaint; but it is clear, nevertheless, that Onslow was not a whole-hearted Parliamentarian. Like a good many others, he was not prepared to go to extremities against the

King. He wished only to 'restrain his power and to preserve the constitution upon a true basis.' Moreover—and this we can well reconcile with all we know of his temperament and his aims—'he was a great enemy to the wild and enthusiastic principles of religion that prevailed during these times.'

Soon came the dispute with Wither the poet, the author, do not let us forget, of the familiar lines beginning:

> 'Shall I, wasting in despair,
> Die because a woman's fair?'

Wither, as Governor of Farnham Castle, was under Onslow's orders, and the castle before long fell into the hands of the enemy. In his pamphlet 'Justiciarus Justificatus' Wither alleged that his office was rendered inefficient by Onslow's jealousy and interference. Now, Onslow was not a man to remain passive under such an attack. He successfully brought the matter before the House of Commons, which adjudged the reflections on his character to be false, scandalous, and injurious, fined Wither £500, and ordered the pamphlet to be burnt both at Kingston and Guildford markets. It is evident that this was quite as much a party victory as a personal vindication. For the tellers in the division were 'the principal men in the House'—the leaders of the two chief contending parties. Still, according to Arthur Onslow, it was a victory for Richard Onslow against Cromwell himself.

Obviously, indeed, Onslow was already a suspect in the eyes of the 'stalwarts.' Amongst the latter the impression was current, whether or not as a consequence of Wither's invectives, that Onslow was probably sending money to the King. In any case, we find him one of the forty-eight members of the House of Commons 'secluded' by the army in 1648, and he was, moreover, among those who were treated with much severity.

During this seclusion Onslow apparently did not conceal his views. He acted upon frequent occasions, we are told, with great zeal and resolution against the then powers, but 'with so much prudence, too (which his enemies called by another name, and reproached him for), that he never subjected himself to any prosecution or public censure, though he was more than once very near it.' In 1651, however, Cromwell put his loyalty to the cause to a further test. He was nominated Colonel

of a Surrey regiment and ordered to join Cromwell at Worcester. Onslow's belief was that he was put upon this service to try him and ruin him. That it was distasteful to him he did not attempt to hide, for though he is reported to have marched hard in order to reach Worcester in time, he himself subsequently confessed that he hovered about with his regiment until the fight was over. This was the incident which roused Cromwell's wrath and led him to avow that 'at one time or another he would be even with that fox of Surrey.' Later on, indeed, the Protector affirmed that if Onslow had come up before the fight it would have been uncertain which side he would have taken. In the same spirit, on another occasion, prompted probably by Onslow's promise to assist Penruddock's insurrection at Salisbury, the Protector declared that Onslow 'had Charles Stuart in his belly.'

And yet, despite all these suspicions and suspicious circumstances, we find Onslow one of the Commons who in 1657 waited upon Cromwell to offer him the Crown. 'He was very earnest for making Cromwell King,' says Arthur Onslow, who adds: 'His speech shows him to have been a very able and artful man.' How reconcile this attitude with the lukewarmness in the Protector's cause at Worcester? Two theories have been suggested. Onslow, always a Moderate, and always a believer in a constitutional monarchy, may have honestly thought that Cromwell's acceptance of the Crown was the best means of insuring peace and good government. But his critics were not disposed to put this charitable interpretation upon his action; they preferred to attribute to him the sinister motive of seeking to facilitate the restoration of the Royal Family, and with it Cromwell's downfall. Or, if this theory was a little too Machiavelian to find favour, they fell back upon the suggestion that Cromwell had won him over by the promise of a peerage.

In support of each view something may be urged. And for the last some colour is found in the fact that, after the Crown had been declined, Onslow was amongst the 'old nobility' and gentlemen of the best families of rank in the nation who were summoned by Cromwell to his newly-formed House of Peers. Moreover, as additional evidence that some sort of reconciliation had been patched up, Onslow was later on included (as Arthur Onslow believes) among the four or five persons named to act as a sort of Cabinet Council to the Protector's son Richard.

But whatever Onslow's motives or his actual relations with Cromwell

in the latter's closing years, the time soon came when he had to trim his sails again. In the rapid changes which followed the Protector's death he was prompt to show his desire for the restoration of Charles. When he took his seat with the other 'secluded' members in the Parliament of 1659, he was quickly in the front ranks of the Royalists. Appointed Custos Rotulorum of Surrey, he was one of the Council of State who prepared the way for the King's return. Nay, so intimate were his relations with Charles's partisans, so zealous his services, that he was not without hope of some distinction at the Restoration. This hope, however, was not realized. Another disappointment was sustained in 1660. Onslow and his son both stood for election as Knights of the Shire when the Convention Parliament was summoned, and both were defeated. Onslow felt the repulse keenly, but the mortification was lessened by the burgesses of Guildford, who, having kept back their election for the purpose, returned father and son as representatives of the borough.

Despite his friendship with Sir Ashley Cooper, it was for a time doubtful whether Onslow would not be exempted from the Act of Indemnity. His enemies had not forgotten the tortuous paths into which his diplomacy had led him. A paper of charges or reasons was drawn up in which some damaging accusations were levelled against him. Had he not arrested Sir Thomas Mallet at Kingston-on-Thames? Had he not pulled down the King's powder-mills at Chilworth? Did he not compare King Charles to a hedgehog? Onslow's friendships, if not his own record, saved him. He was duly included in the Act, and, 'able and artful' as he always showed himself, made assurance doubly sure by taking out a special pardon under the Great Seal. He survived the Restoration four years, living in considerable reputation in Parliament and in his own county, and dying, it is said, from some hurt he received from lightning.

What judgment can we pronounce upon such a career? Allowance must be made, of course, for the uncertainty and confusions of the times; for the natural desire of most men, however keen their patriotism, to preserve their own heads and their own estates amid such troubles; and for the unfailing readiness of extremists on both sides to denounce the cautious but perfectly honest 'Moderate' man as a time-serving comrade or a cunning traitor.

And yet it seems quite impossible to reconcile the ins and outs of Richard Onslow's tortuous course with the steadfast patriotism of the statesman who consistently places his country's good before his own protection or advancement. One is driven back, however reluctantly, to Arthur Onslow's words, 'able and artful, very ambitious and much set upon raising his family,' for the key to a record and a character which nevertheless have to be assessed with due regard to the troublous days to which they belong.

We seem to have wandered far from Cranleigh, but throughout all these years Onslow was closely linked with the life of the village. According to the parish registers, he occasionally officiated in the solemnization of marriages, possibly during the protracted but not very interesting proceedings as to the sequestration of the living, as to which the curious will find many details in the minutes of the Committee for Plundered Ministers.

He was succeeded at Knowle by his son, Sir Arthur Onslow. Comrades though they were in political life—Arthur, who was elected M.P. for Bramber at the age of eighteen, thanks to the influence of the Earl of Arundel, of Albury, sat by his father's side in Parliament for many years—the two men were in striking contrast. Throughout his life he was faithful to the 'country party,' the party which, though attached to the Church and Crown, yet leaned towards Puritanism, and viewed with disgust the extravagance and dissoluteness of the Court. He did not aim at political distinction; he shunned political intrigue. In the words of his grandson, 'Besides the plainness and sanctity of his life, which drew much reverence towards him, he had all the qualities which make men useful to, and beloved by, their neighbours and countrymen.' He was hospitable, generous, and very charitable to the poor. An active justice of the peace, he was 'in all the public trusts' in the country. And so greatly were his services in requisition in 'reconciling law differences and advising his neighbours, that when he went a-hunting it was customary for the people where he happened to be to come out and detain him from his sport by consulting him concerning matters whereon they sought his counsel.'

Nevertheless, Arthur Onslow had his battles to fight. He was not in favour at the Court. Towards the latter end of Charles II.'s reign he seems to have been marked out for persecution. He was removed from

the commission of the peace, and had his house searched as a disaffected and dangerous person. Both he and his eldest son were presented at the Surrey Quarter Sessions for words spoken at a bailiff's feast in Guildford, and for giving a gold chain and medal to the Mayor of the Borough on his appointment as High Steward. The last incident is linked with another episode in Onslow's career which redounds greatly to his credit.

Some poor folks living near the Berkshire border of Surrey were charged with killing the King's deer from Windsor Forest, and they were to be tried for the offence by Judge Jeffreys. Their peril was great. They had killed the deer quite justifiably, for Guildford Park had been disafforested, and no part of Surrey was within Windsor Forest. But what chance had they of justice at Jeffreys' hands? They sought Onslow's help, and he, characteristically enough, proved their friend. When on the opening of the Commission the Grand Jury was sworn in, some hint was given to the Judge 'that they were of a complexion not to do his business.' Jeffreys discharged them at once, and bade the Sheriff return another jury forthwith. But in this instance the Judge had reckoned without his host. Onslow was there, and interposed with the objection that no further proceedings could be taken under that special Commission, the powers of which had been exhausted. Irate as he was, Jeffreys apparently felt himself outmanœuvred. He broke up the court in a rage, and with threats of vengeance on Onslow for having 'overreached him.' Onslow by his readiness and courage had saved the 'rioters,' against whom no further proceedings were taken.

It augured ill for Onslow and his son that, when called upon to answer in the Court of King's Bench for the Guildford speech to which I have just referred, they should have to appear before the Chief Justice. Jeffreys soon showed that he had not forgotten the rioters' trial. But the threatened vengeance was luckily averted. Onslow's father-in-law, Sir Henry Tulse, was an alderman of the City of London, where Jeffreys was Recorder. Tulse's good offices seem to have been exerted on the accused's behalf. At any rate, the prosecution went no further, and in later years the Judge was 'much softened' towards the man who had so pluckily and successfully resisted him at Guildford.

We must not tarry now to dwell at length upon Onslow's election experiences, interesting though some of them were; but I must not omit

AN OLD FARMHOUSE, ALFOLD.

To face p. 82.

to note that he and George Evelyn of Wotton, brother of 'Sylva' Evelyn, stood together in the memorable fight of 1679, which in Surrey, as elsewhere, proved fierce and obstinate beyond example. Their opponents were Lord Longford and Sir Adam Browne, and, in Arthur Onslow's phrase, it was a 'mighty and very expensive struggle.' Despite the best efforts of the Court party, Evelyn and Onslow won the day. They were again successful six months later, when another dissolution was suddenly sprung upon the country. Two years later still all the conditions were against them. James II.'s accession had been followed by a burst of hearty and short-lived loyalty. 'Through the arbitrary and partial friendship of the Sheriff, and the violence used towards them and their friends,' Onslow and Evelyn gave up the poll, 'although the majority of the electors was visibly with them.'

To the last, however, Onslow retained the affectionate respect of his friends and neighbours. So vast a concourse of people of all conditions, in coaches, on horseback, and afoot, attended his funeral that the crowd is said to have extended almost the whole distance of three miles from Clandon (where his father had bought a hunting-lodge from Sir Richard Weston) to Guildford. And Bishop Mew of Winchester—the fighting Bishop—hastened to Cranleigh to perform the last offices. The King, indeed, took umbrage at the demonstration, 'as though something else was meant than a bare funeral ceremony,' when this manly, upright Squire was laid in his last resting-place in the church whose memories are distinctly the richer by its associations with his name.

From this time forward the Onslows were less closely linked with Cranleigh. The family removed soon after the Revolution to the Clandon estate, where the second Baron Onslow, thirty or forty years later, erected the mansion which is now their chief seat. Old memories were, however, preserved by the choice of the title of Viscount Cranley when the earldom was created in 1801.

CHAPTER IX

IN THE FOLD COUNTRY (ALFOLD, DUNSFOLD, AND CHIDDINGFOLD)

THE 'Fold country'—the expanse of rich woodlands on the clay which stretches from the foot of Leith Hill and Holmbury and Ewhurst hills to the Sussex borders—remains to this day the least explored district in Surrey. It is not far from the rail, and it is not the *terra incognita* which it was even thirty years ago. But in it the 'tripper' is rarely, if ever, seen. The cyclist, when he traverses it, hurries on, for the most part unconscious of many of its claims to his attention, and neither the speculating builder nor the 'season-ticket-holder,' whose presence is so apparent in some other portions of the county, has yet marked it as his own.

Nevertheless, the Surrey Weald is full of interest and charm. Cobbett, as most of us know, described it in his emphatic fashion as a district where the lanes are of 'bottomless clay,' and 'where, strictly speaking, only three things will grow well—grass, wheat, and oak-trees.' To-day its roads may still for the most part be little more than lanes, which in bad weather are muddy enough, though not 'bottomless.' But thanks to the same stiff clay and the far-stretching oak-plantations, it is rich in woodland beauty. Fine old timbered farmhouses recall the prosperity of the yeomen of 'the Folds' in times when, for many months of the year, they were almost shut off from the rest of the world. Now and again the Hammer ponds and legends of the glass-works suggest industries which flourished in this out-of-the-way region three or four centuries ago. Picturesque commons here and there remind us that we are still in the county of heaths and open spaces. In spring the bluebell and the primrose and the marsh marigold in rich profusion add to the brightness of the scene. At Dunsfold we come upon a village church well entitled to rank among the most interesting in South-west Surrey; and Chiddingfold

boasts both a church and an inn well worthy of the tributes paid to them by many an artist's brush and pencil.

I do not know that the three villages, Alfold, Dunsfold, and Chiddingfold, of this 'Fold country' can be more conveniently grouped for a single ramble than in a cross-country route which starts from Cranleigh and ends at Chiddingfold. But the villages are some distance apart, and the walk will require a long summer day if we are to saunter, as we assuredly shall be tempted to do, along the devious lanes which penetrate this wide expanse of park-land, farm-land, and wood. And when at last we reach Alfold, our first halting-place, we shall have no difficulty in recognising that until quite recent years it was one of the most primitive villages in

DUNSFOLD.

Surrey. Only the other day I chanced to note a significant entry against the name of Alfold in the postal information furnished in a Guildford Directory for 1842; for while Chiddingfold and Dunsfold had their postal bags from Godalming daily, the utmost the authorities could say of the delivery of a Guildford letter in Alfold was that it was 'uncertain.'

Of late, however, Alfold can point to distinct stages of progress, which will or will not be welcome, according to the standpoint of the critic. For myself, I am not prepared to adopt Mr. Ralph Nevill's phrase, and assert that the 'breath of the pestilence has passed over and vulgarized it.' Alfold is still charmingly rural and sequestered—quite sufficiently so to satisfy most of us.

But, difficult as it is to realize the fact, the village once was in a modest way a manufacturing 'centre.' Both glass-making and the iron industry found a home here in the Middle Ages. As to the former, I shall have more to say in connection with Chiddingfold. For the moment it is enough to mention that Glasshouse Field recalls the fact that a body of French refugees established themselves here when they and their industry were driven from their own land by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Aubrey mentions that the graves of some of these emigrants were pointed out to him in the churchyard, while Speed's map (1610) marks a glass-house in the parish.

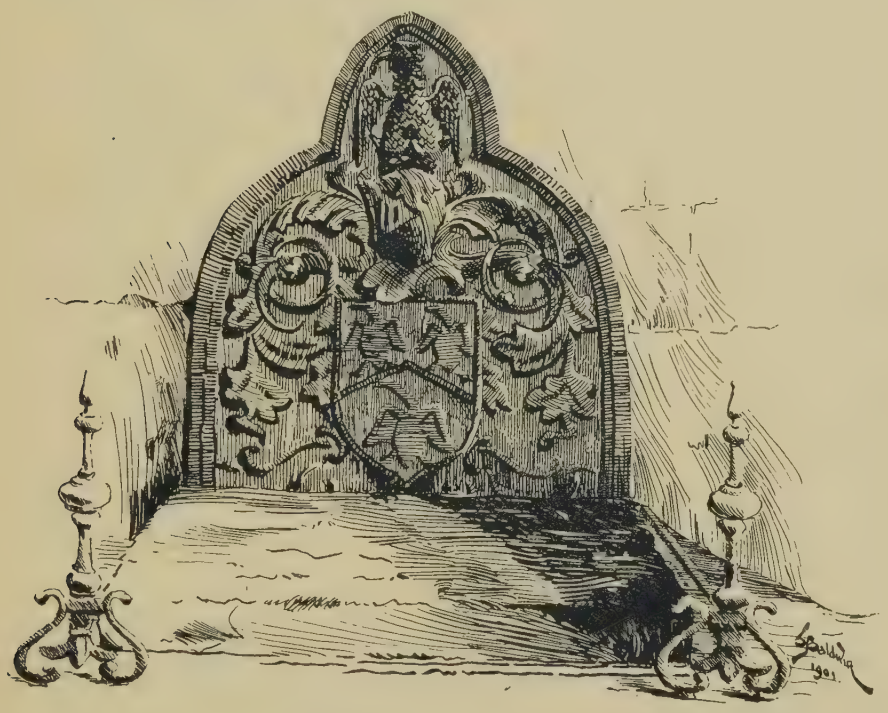
Similarly, Furnace Bridge testifies that here, as elsewhere along the county boundary-line, iron-working extended from Sussex into Surrey. In many respects, indeed, though not in all, the conditions essential for the success of the industry were the same in the two counties. Iron was to be found in the beds beneath the Wealden clay, and the Wealden forests supplied the timber, which could be worked into charcoal, for fuel. 'Everywhere in the neighbourhood of a furnace the work of the colliers—that is, of the charcoal-burners, as we still call them—was carried on. And even to-day professional charcoal-burners, descendants of the original workers, are to be found in Surrey.'

Originally, no doubt, iron was only worked on any scale in districts where water carriage was available. From the Sussex mills it used to be sent down the Rother to the coast, and thence conveyed by sea to London. Surrey, in this respect, was far less favourably placed, and its iron-fields were never so important as those of Sussex and Kent. But it seems perfectly clear that the increased demands of the sixteenth century, and the virtually inexhaustible supply of wood which the Wealden forests furnished, led to the gradual extension of the industry across the Sussex border into the adjacent corner of Surrey. We have definite evidence that the Surrey iron-works were in full activity in Elizabeth's time. One list specifies forges at Vachery, Shere (probably Abinger), Newdigate, Lingfield, and other places. And we have other proof that Alfold, Dunsfold, Cranleigh, Chiddingfold, Hambledon, Witley, Haslemere, Thursley and Frensham, with Abinger and Shere to the north, were all well within the iron district of South-west Surrey.

Besides the ore and an abundant timber-supply, water-power was essential for the working of the furnaces where the works were of any size,

and many streams were dammed to form mill-heads for the purpose. The blast-furnaces were blown by two pairs of bellows, worked alternately by a water-wheel, so that one was being compressed while the other was being opened for a new blast. A similar arrangement alternately lifted and let fall a heavy hammer in the forge. Hence the 'Hammer ponds' with which we are still familiar in Abinger and other parishes, where as often as not a corn-mill has succeeded to the hammer of the iron-working days.

Many generations have passed since these remote corners of Surrey



SURREY IRONWORK: A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY FIREBACK IN THE RECTORY STUDY, CRANLEIGH.

were the home of an industry which was really of vital importance to the nation both in peace and war. But there is abundant testimony that this was once the case. Even now, though not so frequently as was possible twenty or thirty years ago, you may still chance to come across vestiges of the Surrey iron goods in the shape of firebacks and dogs, candle and rushlight stands. Moreover, the records show that throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the Government thought it necessary to keep a watchful eye upon the industry, and was especially anxious to

prevent the exportation of ordnance from these districts. Thus, in 1576 an Order in Council stopped any further casting of iron guns or shot in Surrey until Her Majesty's pleasure should again be known. For, in the Council's opinion, the country was sufficiently supplied, and any manufacture beyond this point led only to the supply of 'strangers and pirates.' Again, shortly after the defeat of the Armada a similar injunction was issued applying to all the furnaces and iron forges in Surrey and Sussex, which, moreover, were to be visited by a 'discreet gentleman,' whose mission it was to ascertain the number and kind of pieces of cast-iron ordnance then at the works.

Not only so: the iron-masters felt the pressure of much paternal legislation. To preserve the forests from destruction, an attempt was made to limit the cutting of wood of a certain size on the common woods of the Weald. Later on the erection of cast-iron works in Surrey was forbidden within twenty-two miles of London or within fourteen miles of the Thames beyond that radius. Later still this restriction was strengthened by a stipulation that new iron-works should be opened on old sites only if the owner could supply fuel from his own property. And, in addition, the manufacturers were compelled to contribute either in materials or cash towards the repairing of the roads used by their carts.

The industry reached its highest point of prosperity in the first half of the seventeenth century; but the crippling effect of the regulations just noticed was apparent before long. No doubt the restrictions and tolls were not always rigidly imposed. How could one expect them to be when justices of the peace, and large land-owners, and other influential gentlemen, were themselves interested in and profiting by the industry? But when the justices failed to do their duty, the Star Chamber could step in, and we have records of the appointment of two surveyors to visit all iron-works and woods used in connection with them, 'for the reformation of sundry deceits and abuses now used and practised in the making of iron.'

Later on, other causes were at work. Waller disarmed the Royalists in the South-eastern counties in the Civil War, and as far as possible destroyed their iron-works. In addition, the increasing cost of fuel and the badness of the roads more and more hampered the Wealden industry. Finally came two discoveries: the possibility of smelting iron with coal, and—alas that it should have to be told!—the unpatriotic action of certain iron-masters, who smuggled over iron-work to France in war-time, and

no doubt made a pretty penny by the transaction. The transfer in consequence of a Government contract to the Carron Ironworks in Scotland was almost the last blow; for, though it is difficult to say exactly when

DUNSFOLD CHURCH.

the Surrey works ceased, we may take it they were practically extinct by the latter half of the eighteenth century.

Such are some of the old-time Black Country associations of the district, essentially rural to-day, through which we pass as we make our

way from Alfold to Dunsfold, crossing *en route* a little tributary of the Arun, and the Wey and Arun Canal, itself also, as we have seen, a relic of another form of obsolete commercial enterprise.

Dunsfold has good cause for pride in its church; a purer specimen of Decorated work is not to be found in any Surrey village, and recent restorations have been carried out with excellent taste and with scrupulous care. We probably owe its beauty in the first place to the Augustinian Canons who held the advowson for many years until the demolition of the monasteries, and who were always fond of noble buildings. Mr. Lewis André has described the characteristic features of the church in detail in the 'Collections of the Surrey Archæological Society.' Here it is enough to note that the architect depended solely for the success of his design on good proportion, well-conceived tracery, and bold mouldings, as there is not a scrap of carved work throughout the building.

Of the paintings which once covered the walls of the church very slight vestiges now remain; but there can be no doubt that, before the Injunctions of 1547 ordered the obliteration of all pictures, the building was bright with colours. Some of the chief scenes in the life of our Lord were depicted in these frescoes. On the north side of the nave the legs of a gigantic figure in water were found; and this probably was St. Christopher, so placed as to be the first picture to be seen on entering the church, in obedience to the profound belief that whoever saw this saint's figure would be free from evil that day. Over the arch of the north chapel was a drawing of a hare-hunt, and on the front of the arch were three hounds pulling a stag.

In bench-ends Dunsfold is richer than any other church in Surrey. They have a design combining the square ends generally found only in the West of England with the 'poppy heads' almost universal in the Eastern counties; and as they date back, we may safely say, to the middle of the thirteenth century, they rank, with the woodwork of the upper chancel at Compton, among the best extant specimens of early Surrey carpentry. Finally, we must not quit the churchyard without a glance at the magnificent old yew which rivals the well-known one at Crowhurst. We should note also that the churchyard fence is kept in repair by the land-owners of the parish, each being legally responsible for a portion of the work according to the amount of land he owns.

A statement has been made that Dunsfold Church is a special object

THE CROWN INN, CHIDDINGFOLD.

To face p. 90.

of pilgrimage by Roman Catholics. One ought, perhaps, to say in passing that the sole warrant for this assertion is the fact that the church is visited several times every year by parties of Roman priests from the seminary at Wonersh, and that on one occasion, some little time since, a numerous band of visitors came from London, the explanation being their belief that the 'Blessed Virgin Mary was always in residence at Dunsfold.'

As to one tradition connected with the spot, however, there can be no doubt. The well between the church and the river was for generations considered a holy well. Even to this day it is credited with medicinal properties, and people come for the water as a cure for sore eyes. The Rector, the Rev. W. H. Winn, favours the theory that it was on account of this well that the church was built on its present site, some little distance from the centre of the village. Water is scarce in the Weald, and this is the only spring-well rising to the surface of the ground which Mr. Winn knows of in the whole country. It never runs dry, and rises within 4 or 5 feet of the river, with which, however, it has no connection, except in the way of overflow. I ought, perhaps, to add here that the orchard near the mill was known as the Abbot's Garden, and an old house on it, removed in late years, is supposed to have been connected with the church or some old monastery. Further, it is alleged that Edward Young, the poet, composed some of his 'Night Thoughts' in what was known as the Filbert Walk in the Rectory garden. In support of this belief, it may be urged that Young was closely connected with the poet Wharton, who, according to the parish register, was married in Dunsfold Church to Elizabeth Richardson in 1720.

There is not much to detain us in connection with Dunsfold's parochial history. The registers, however, indicate that discipline was sometimes firmly upheld in the 'good old days.' Thus, on March 16, 1665, Sarah Pick did penance in a white sheet, and was excommunicated the same day. Two years later 'J. Barnes, and An his wife, did privat penance'; while another entry mentions a 'house at the Whipping Post,' which there is now no means of identifying.

Another circuitous succession of lanes brings us to Chiddingfold, or a delightfully sequestered path, which starts from Dunsfold Churchyard, will both shorten the ramble and add to its variety. To-day placidly picturesque, grouped around a typical Surrey common, Chiddingfold can

claim greater antiquity, and certainly greater industrial activity, than are suggested by its present aspect. It boasts the site of the first Roman villa discovered in the Weald, and the archæologist will find in the Surrey Archæological Society's Museum some specimens of the pottery and glass so brought to light. Early in the Middle Ages, too, the place must have had some local importance, for it enjoyed the privilege of an

CHIDDINGFOLD CHURCH, CIRCA A.D. 1825.
(From an old print.)

annual fair on the eve, the feast, and the morrow of the Virgin Mary, and a weekly market on Tuesday, under the terms of a charter granted to a Bishop of Salisbury who, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, held the manor as part of Godalming. The old market-house, indeed, remained in existence till 1812, on the site of the smithy on the village green,

which has tempted the brush of many an artist. From its proximity to the village cross, it was known as the Cross House, and the stocks were hard by.

Above all, Chiddingfold is of interest as the chief seat of glass-making in Surrey. Chiddingfold glass, indeed, dates back nearly seven centuries. We must hesitate to accept the theory that the Roman glass found in the

CHIDDINGFOLD CHURCH, A.D. 1901.

parish indicates that the industry was a relic of the invasion, for the little glass which was used in England before the thirteenth century was imported, not home-made. But we have clear evidence that in 1225 a grant of land was made to an Italian glass-worker at Chiddingfold; and the records discovered by Mr. Ralph Nevill of the supply of Chiddingfold glass to St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster, in 1350, afford additional

proof that the trade throve in the parish. Foreign craftsmen settled here, as at Alfold, attracted, no doubt, in part by the abundance of fuel, and partly by the presence in the soil of the firestone or malmstone which was specially suitable for making the bed of their furnaces. Fuller, indeed, says that the Chiddingfold glass-works were the only glass-works in the country in the sixteenth century; and although this statement must not be interpreted too literally, we know definitely, from the text of a petition to Queen Elizabeth, that in her reign there were at least eleven glass-houses on Chiddingfold Green. For the neighbouring residents were up in arms: they petitioned the Queen because the works were a nuisance; besides, there were others not far off—at Thursley, to wit.

The good folks of Chiddingfold in thus protesting were not a whit more narrow-minded than their contemporaries and neighbours. In just the same spirit Guildford and Godalming complained of an Italian who had erected a glass-house near the former town, and threatened, as the petitioners alleged, to destroy the adjacent woods. The Chiddingfold petition was successful, and the chief industry of the place received its death-blow, though a little later another 'nuisance' was probably discovered in the iron-works which, according to Aubrey, were established in the southern portion of the parish.

From all such forms of annoyance to-day Chiddingfold is wholly free, and nothing could be further removed from our thoughts than the smoke of iron or glass furnaces as we wander across the green towards the church, with an admiring glance at the picturesque frontage of the old Crown Inn. The church was restored and enlarged in 1869-70, and suffered somewhat in the process, but still retains some interesting features, notably the Early English chancel. Its history may be briefly told: There was presumably a place of worship, probably of timber, on the site when the advowson was granted, in 1115, by Henry II. to the Cathedral Church of Sarum. The first stone church seems, however, to have been erected sixty or seventy years later, and to this fabric considerable additions, including a new south aisle, were made a century afterwards, to keep pace with the increased growth and prosperity of the parish. In the latter part of the fifteenth century the low part of the nave was unroofed and widened, and the present lofty pillars were built. The tower, too, was begun at the same time, though not completed till after 1537.

The small tablet recording the death of the only son of Edward Lay-

field is the sole memorial we find in the church to-day of a Rector of the parish of whose experiences as the victim of Puritan persecution Walker has much to say in his 'Sufferings of the Clergy.' Remarkable indeed were the vicissitudes which befell him. 'Half-sister's son to the blessed martyr Archbishop Laud,' Layfield, as Vicar of All Hallows',

THE OLD SMITHY, CHIDDINGFOLD.

Barking, was 'one of the most early of the clergy that fell under the displeasure of the party.' He was taken into custody at the very beginning of the session, was continually harassed for some years, was sequestered from All Hallows' in 1642 or 1643, and was afterwards forced to fly the country for his security.

Layfield's Chiddingfold living was also sequestrated, and the fact that it was the first so used in Surrey seems to show that he was specially marked out for attack. His temporal estate was seized and taken from him. When he was sent by Charles as chaplain to one of the royal garrisons the same ill-luck attended him. He was taken prisoner, though afterwards released on exchange. At one time or other, to use Walker's words, he was 'confined in most of the Jayls about London.' At last, 'in company with others, he was clapt on board ship under the hatches, and not suffered to have the benefit of the fresh air upon the decks without paying a certain price for it.' He was threatened to be sold as a slave to the Algerines, unless he paid a ransom, which was at first fixed at £1,500, and ultimately reduced to £50. Even this small sum was not paid, and finally, after suffering a year's imprisonment and the worst indignities, 'he was turned ashore for nothing.'

Once when he was seized his persecutors 'robbed him likewise of his watch and what money he had about him.' At another time they interrupted him in his performance of Divine service, dragged him out of church, set him on horseback with his surplice on, tied the Common Prayer-Book about his neck, and in this manner forced him to ride through some part of the City of London whilst the mob hooted him. As the minutes of the Committee of Plundered Ministers show, Layfield resisted to the last. When a Mr. Diggle was appointed to the sequestered living of Chiddingfold, Layfield induced his parishioners to withhold payment of tithes to him, and their obstinacy was again and again the subject of report to the Committee.

Yet, says Walker, Layfield, though reduced to a mean and low condition—how could it be otherwise after treatment such as this?—lived through all his troubles for nearly twenty years, bore them with great courage and resolution, and was in the long-run restored to all his preferments. 'He was a man of generous and noble spirit, and of great courage and resolution, and, cheerfully quitting all, chose rather to stand in the storm which afterwards fell upon him than submit himself to the vile practice of those times.'

Across the green, the Crown Inn can claim an antiquity almost as great as that of the parish church. Neither the name of the builder nor the exact date of its erection is known, but deeds have been found which refer to a building here in 1383, and tradition speaks of it as of ecclesiastical

origin. This theory derives some plausibility from the connection of the manor with the Bishop of Salisbury, and from the belief that a subway once existed from the house to the church opposite. It would have served admirably as a priest's residence, and it is not till 1536 that we have any mention of it as 'the Crown.' Originally it comprised a one-story hall in the centre with a two-story wing at either end. There were no traces of an original chimney in the central hall, which was no doubt warmed by a wood fire on a hearth on the floor. As Mr. Welman has pointed out, the general plan and the main features of the building were common to all medieval buildings of the same kind, but both the material and the workmanship were above the average. The specimens of oak used in the building were magnificent. In the middle of the sixteenth century the central hall was done away with and a chimney constructed, and this part of the building converted into two stories.

CHAPTER X

AMID THE PINES AND HEATHER

(*a*) *Hambledon and Witley.*

WE left the heather and the pines for a time when we dipped down from the sand-hills to the Weald. Our long ramble to Chiddingfold has, however, brought us again to the threshold of a corner of South-west Surrey where birch and pine and heather and bracken long had almost undisputed sway. Of recent years the pine-woods of Witley have suffered somewhat severely at the builder's hands, and there are those who predict that the day is not far distant when even Crooksbury, Churt, and Frensham, and the still wild moorland around them, will rival Ascot in residential popularity. But as yet such developments are matters of prophecy, and not of history. And it is still possible to ramble for many an hour over wild open heath-lands and enjoy the sandy soil and the heather-scented air which first attracted the late Poet Laureate to Haslemere and Blackdown, amid surroundings free from the taint or touch of Suburbia.

To one fragment of this region—the fragment which lies immediately near Witley Station—we could not wish for a pleasanter approach than that which can be made from the old-world village of Chiddingfold in which we have just been tarrying. We may follow the main-road for a mile or more, until Northbridge is passed, and a tempting path appears on our right beneath the sturdy oaks of Hambledon Hurst. This path, be it noted, was originally part of the old highroad from London to Chichester through Midhurst. But, as it was a particularly awkward bit on what was notoriously one of the very worst roads of the county, it was quickly deserted when the new highroad over Wormley Hill was constructed. Presently we emerge on the verge of Hambledon Common, one of the quietest, prettiest, and most paintable commons in South-west

WITLEY CHURCH.

To face p. 98.

Surrey. We climb the gentle slope of the hill overlooking the Hurst, through which we have just passed, to enjoy the distant view of the gray-blue crests of Hindhead. Behind us are the pines, while in the immediate foreground some pleasantly-placed cottages, a sawmill, and the single trees dotted here and there about the common, combine to form as pretty a picture as the eye could wish to see.

Before proceeding to Witley, we shall do well to ramble northwards for a short space to Hambledon Church, to which a path from the Busbridge and Godalming road just north of the common pleasantly leads. Although Hambledon is mentioned in Domesday, the church itself is comparatively modern, and architecturally unattractive and dreary. But the two gigantic yews in the churchyard, the farm-buildings close at hand, and the wealth of oak and beech and chestnut around, form a picturesque setting for a building which in itself has little to detain us. We descend the hill by a deeply-cut lane, than which Devon itself can show nothing prettier in its ruddy sandstone banks and its profusion of wild-flowers amid the protruding roots of the fine trees whose branches meet overhead. Truly a spot in which to dream of pixies and fairies and other mysterious visitants from shadowland. When we reach the main-road again we turn sharply to the left by the side of a stream, to whose presence in the valley the vivid greenness and luxuriance of plant-life bear testimony. And seen in the first freshness of early summer a scene singularly sweet is before us: a lovely meadow, all golden with the 'little children's dower'; meek-eyed kine busy among the rich pasturage in the sunlight; and one magnificent copper beech amid a setting of May foliage.

Presently our path brings us again to Hambledon Common, and rambling westward amid the sandy hills, we come upon the healthily-placed buildings, old and new, of Hambledon Workhouse. Leaving these on our left, a lane speedily leads us to the main-road, and a path almost exactly opposite offers the shortest route to Witley Station.

Witley village lies fully half a mile north of the southern slopes of Wormley Hill, along which our pathway runs. But here more than anywhere else centre the artistic and literary associations which have clustered round the district of recent years. Close by is the house which was long the home of Mr. Birket Foster. Just above the station is Pinewood, originally built by Mr. J. C. Hook, and now the Surrey seat of Lord

Knutsford. And near at hand, too, is The Heights, for a time the residence of George Eliot and G. H. Lewes. 'Our bit of Surrey,' wrote the former in 1877, 'has the beauties of Scotland wedded to those of Warwickshire,' a blend, one may fairly say, which would only suggest itself to a native of the latter county. It was at The Heights that George Lewes died a year later, and that 'Theophrastus Such,' almost forgotten now, was written.

Of these notable residents Mr. J. C. Hook was the pioneer, and the story of his coming, as the veteran Royal Academician himself told it me, now some years since, is worth re-telling.

Hook had always hungered for country life and country air. In the summer of 1857 he, Creswick, and other members of the Etching Club, picnicked on Hambledon Common. The peaceful beauty of the place fascinated Hook at once. 'I'll let my house in London and come and live here,' he exclaimed; and the very next day Mrs. Hook was brought to see the district. A small cottage near at hand was soon engaged as a temporary home while the neighbourhood was carefully explored for a suitable building site. Ultimately the desired spot was found on the hill overlooking the Weald, 'right in the middle of the pines, the immemorial territory of the squirrel and the ring-dove.' His friends remonstrated, but in vain. 'Between the firs I caught a glimpse of Chanctonbury Ring, and then I saw the whole thing finished before me.'

And so in due course Pinewood was begun, and for nine years it remained the artist's home. Then the combined invasion of the railway, with Witley Station just below the house, of philanthropy as seen in King Edward's Schools, and the 'building beast,' of whose handiwork there is quite sufficient evidence to-day, drove Hook still further afield to Churt, an even more remote corner of South-west Surrey, where we shall meet him again before our rambles are over.

From the pines which crown Wormley Hill, we dip down to the village and the village street. Who can wonder that the artist is always busy here, where picturesque cottages, gardens bright with flowers, and the old ivy-clad church, perched pleasantly just above the road, offer subjects which never pall. Witley, in fact, closely rivals Shere in its popularity as an artist's centre, and the cottage next to the church has probably been drawn as often as anything in England.

If only by virtue of its conspicuous position, the church invites inspec-

tion. For the most part the building is Early English, but it contains also a Norman south doorway with cushion capitals, a Decorated east window and a Perpendicular screen. The thorough restoration tactfully carried out a few years ago by the generosity of Mr. Foster has added much to the charm of the fabric. In the chapel attached to the manor, on the north side of the chancel, there are some fragments of old glass, which preserve the familiar device of the Bray family—the flax-breaker, the hawthorn-bush, and the crown. Henry VII., among the many gifts he bestowed upon Sir Reginald Bray, is believed to have given him a life interest in this manor. Two memorials, however, specially claim our attention,

THE STAR INN, WITLEY.

mutilated though they are. One records the death of Thomas Jones, or Jonys, 'one of the sewers of the chamber to our sovereigne Lord Kinge Henry VIII.' On another stone in the north wall of the chancel we can still trace the fragments of an inscription to the memory of the ill-fated Duke of Clarence, who also had some connection with the manor.

If we glance for a moment at these manorial records, we get a curious insight into the little-known past of a Surrey parish which in medieval days could have had but scant connection with the outside world. Thus, at the time of the Domesday Witley belonged to an influential Norman family named De Aquila, or De l'Aigle. From them it passed through the hands of several important families (*e.g.*, the Mareschals of Pembroke,

the Warrens of Surrey), until Henry III. bestowed it on Prince Edward and his heirs. Thenceforward it seems to have been part of the usual dower of the Queens of England. In this connection the men of Witley enjoyed one special privilege. As tenants of the Crown they claimed exemption from jury service under a grant from Henry IV. Years later the exemption was challenged by the justices in session, and the question was fought out in the Court of Exchequer. But the Witley men made good their case, and, in Manning's phrase, their privilege 'has never been questioned since.'

Subsequently Witley became the property in succession of many prominent officials and servants of the Court. Thus, it was held in turn by the Mores of Loseley; by one Henry Bell, Clerk Comptroller of the Household to James I.; and later still by Antony Smith, who was Clerk of the Spicery to the same King.

(*b*) *Thursley and Frensham.*

Our ramble will be pleasant enough if we make our way still further northward to Milford and Mousehill, with their characteristic commons, which add so greatly to the charm of the Portsmouth Road. But we may, if we choose, follow a more direct route by striking sharply to the west by the smithy at the further end of Witley village. Thence, keeping below Mare Hill, we cross the Haslemere road, skirt the lavishly reconstructed walls of Lea Park, and, passing Cosford Mill, join the Portsmouth Road just where the Red Lion marks the road to Thursley.

Here we are on the threshold of the stretch of wild country which extends from the crests of Hindhead to the outskirts of Farnham, which of late years has attracted so many visitors and residents to its hill-tops, and of which Mr. Baring-Gould has treated so vividly in 'The Broom Squire.'

A word first as to the novel just named. One can hardly be as grateful as one would wish to Mr. Baring-Gould for his study of the district. True, he has woven into his story many chapters of the history of Thursley and Frensham, and to the ghastly tragedy on Gibbet Hill, which the sailor's stone in Thursley Churchyard records, he adds ingeniously a touch of romance. But the tale at best is lugubrious, and in its 'local colour' is as intensely sombre as his heroine's career is sad. And so it comes about

that the reader is tempted—nay, almost forced—to think of this district as one of unrelieved gloom.

Nothing could be further from the truth. On a dull afternoon, when the clouds are low and threatening, Highcombe Bottom no doubt looks far deeper and more weird than it really is. Little imagination may be

OLD TIMBERED COTTAGES, MILFORD.

needed then to endow it with the evil spirits and the dragons which bygone superstitions so freely bestowed on it. But to the true lover of Nature these wonderful uplands are never dismal. And in the bright sunshine of spring or summer the gorse, the purple heather, the light-green whortleberry, give countless touches of brilliant colour to the treeless hills.

Thursley to-day is still a straggling moorland village. The cyclist is nevertheless a frequent visitor, anxious to see for himself the unknown murdered sailor's grave and tombstone, which figures in every guide-book as the chief local memorial of the tragedy on Gibbet Hill. But a better reward than this is in store for those who ride or stroll to Thursley Churchyard, in the fine prospect over the open heathland which stretches across towards Churt and Frensham. Often, too, has the artist found a tempting subject in the church itself and the adjacent vicarage.

The district of which Thursley Church was the old-time centre has passed through many phases in its history. As the 'hammer' ponds remind us, mines and forges and smelting-pits once marked it as part of the Surrey iron-fields. When that industry died out, the sole link with the outside world was the main-road to Portsmouth, which climbed to the top of the Hindhead ridge at a higher level than the present. The moorland—marsh in part, and in parts impassable—which stretched northwards from this main-road towards Frensham was a veritable 'no man's land.' From time immemorial squatters settled in the Punchbowl —as Mr. Baring-Gould has told us—built themselves hovels and pastured their sheep, goats, and cattle. They cut their broom-handles from the Spanish chestnuts which throve in the coppices on the lower hills, and in the heather which abounded on every hand they found the materials for the brush of their brooms. They prowled over the marshes for ducks, and they watched the sand-barrows for rabbits. Now and again a good haul of fish would be netted in the Frensham ponds. And at Christmas-tide they wandered far and wide selling the holly they had cut wherever they could find it—of course, without troubling to ask permission.

Nor was the tempting art of smuggling neglected. The nearness of the district to one of the main arteries of traffic from the South Coast, its wildness, and its inaccessibility to all who were strangers to it, rendered it specially suitable for the reception and concealment of contraband tea, spirits, and tobacco. The cave to which Mr. Baring Gould makes Mehetabel fly in order to save her child from Bideabout was probably originally scooped out of the sandstone for this purpose. At least one farm can be named (I believe) beneath which are carefully-constructed vaults with an artfully-disguised entrance. And Lord Midleton has pointed out that many of the wells in the neighbourhood were built bell-shaped with the same object. In later days still the hut-men became the

terror of the neighbourhood by their raids on sheepfolds, hen-roosts and preserves. When at last their chief leader, Chuter, ended his days in the county gaol, he was serving his seventeenth term of imprisonment.

Of all these things, to-day we have little or no trace. Lawlessness has long since disappeared. Modern residences cluster to the edge of the combe which the squatters once regarded as their own; the iron-works we know only by name.

But the memory of many of the superstitions which naturally—nay, inevitably—sprang up in such surroundings and on such a soil is still preserved. Here, again, we are almost bound to tread the path Mr. Baring-Gould has already trodden. In one form or another he has gathered up most of the legends which still linger round the moor and the neighbouring hills. Take, for example, Thors Stone, the gray block of ironstone near Pudmere Pool, in the middle of Thursley Marsh. We may or may not endorse the derivation of the name of the parish which he accepts when he tells us that the slopes that dip towards the stone are 'the Thor's lea, and give their name to the parish that included it and them.' But of the popular faith in bygone days, in the elves and pucksies who gathered there, and previously at Borough Hill, his pages give us a vivid and faithful picture.

Originally the pilgrims made their way to Borough Hill, whence the famous caldron in Frensham Church was brought, as Aubrey tells us, 'by the fairies time out of mind.' Other theories, however, find favour in connection with the caldron and the hill. There is the story of the forgetful woman who, when arranging a christening feast, begged the loan of a caldron from the pucksies, and who, after her prayer had been granted, failed to return the kettle according to promise. Yet another tradition relates how a certain witch lent the caldron to the devil, who likewise broke his word and failed to return it before sunset as agreed. When later on he casually looked in and brought the kettle, the irate dame refused to accept it. Whereupon the devil discreetly buried it in the neighbouring hill, known to this day as Kettlebury Hill.

But the good folk at Borough Hill on one occasion did their work so effectively that they thereby lost all their clients. Thus, we are told of a certain woman who one evening sought to be freed by the fairies' help from the husband who had made her life unendurable. That same night he was returning home from his favourite tavern drunk, and, stumbling

over the edge of a quarry, fell and broke his neck. 'Thereupon certain high moralists and busybodies had the mass of stone broken up and carted away to mend the roads,' so that a 'degrading superstition' might come to an end. But though the Wishing Block on Borough Hill was thus destroyed, the superstition survived. The pilgrims made their way instead to Thor's Stone, just as Mehetabel did, to woo the help of the pucksies in obtaining their hearts' desire.

'She sprang,' writes Mr. Baring-Gould, 'from one dark tuft of rushes to another, ran along the ridges of sand. She skipped where the surface was treacherous. What mattered it to her if she missed her footing and sank, and the ooze closed over her? As well end so a life that could never be other than long-drawn agony. . . . Frogs were croaking, a thousand natterjacks were whirring like the nightjar. Strange birds screamed and rushed out of the trees as she sped along. White moths, ghostlike, wavered about her, mosquitoes piped, water-rats plunged into the pools.'

There is no need to quote further. The artist has not spared his colours. But the picture lives, and with its help we can conceive something of what Thor's Stone and Borough Hill meant to the worthy folk of Thursley and the moors before the rail and the cycle had brought them into daily and hourly touch with the rest of the world.

We leave Hindhead and Gibbet Hill and the attractions of the Punchbowl behind us if we set our faces towards Frensham. But our concern is with the old-time villages rather than the modern settlements of South-west Surrey, and we must not miss the Devil's Jumps, or Churt, or Frensham Great Pond itself, if we are to gauge aright the character and charm of this wide stretch of moorland. Let us, then, leave Thursley by the Frensham Road, which, after skirting Kettlebury Hill, conducts us amid the pines to the foot of the three hills 'in the shape of three rather squat sugar-loaves,' as Cobbett described them, on which, by some curious chance, the title of 'The Devil's Jumps' was long since bestowed. Exactly when or why the name was given, tradition does not say; and we are just as much at a loss to know where His Majesty jumped to from the last of the three hill-tops. But this ignorance need not prevent us admiring the daring ingenuity with which Cobbett found in these sandy mounds an argument with which to belabour Unitarianism.

Here we are nearing the straggling village of Churt, in whose history,

THURSLEY COMMON—EVENING.

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perhaps, the most significant incident was the decision of the Court of King's Bench in 1692, that the parish was part of the Surrey Weald. The ruling was of importance to the parishioners, inasmuch as it exempted them from tithes for their moorlands. But geographically and geologically the Court's view of the matter is difficult to understand, unless, indeed, we accept the explanation that 'Weald' was interpreted simply and broadly as 'wild.'

At Churt to-day we still find Mr. J. C. Hook, who here, as at Witley, discovered attractions which many others have since resolved to share with him. His choice of a new home is curiously linked with the painting of a picture which many of his admirers will recall.

Anticipating Mr. Baring-Gould by many years, Hook found a subject which appealed to him in 'the broom-dasher' (or 'broom-hawker'), the lineal descendant of the old broomsquires. The picture depicts the cottages of Churt straggling over a sloping hill, at the foot of which a babbling stream runs, crossed by a slab of stone. A boy and girl stand on this rude bridge, while 'the broom-dasher' drives across the stream a cart laden with brooms.

When, a little later on, the artist found that a small farm close by was for sale, he speedily became its purchaser. Silverbeck, his new house, was soon in course of erection just above the brook in honour of which it was named. The spot is thoroughly typical of this corner of the county. The beck long ago deepened its channel to a valley, and hurrying by 'silver birches and pallid willows,' darker elms and pines and oaks, spreads broadly in ponds that are the haunts of moorhens and are margined with sedge, and then goes forth upon the gravelly heath, where many rushes whisper. On the Farnham side the sandy ridges are crowned with belts of pines, and shallow valleys are watered by many a tiny brook. Towards Hindhead, the neighbouring hills gradually merge in the giant heathery ridge, cleft by numerous deep-cut glens and valleys. Here Hook has spent the last span of his life, busy as a woodman, a farmer, and a gardener, as well as a painter.

Our road to Frensham takes us past the Great Pond, much loved by anglers, to the village pleasantly scattered over the rising ground.

Frensham Church, according to the annals of Waverley, dates from the end of the thirteenth century. To-day we note a Norman arcade and the Early English chancel arch as the chief witnesses to the antiquity of

the building. But over and above these architectural details, the church is proud in possessing the copper caldron which has long enjoyed wide reputation as Mother Ludlam's caldron, and to whose legendary history I have already alluded. Salmon, however, is very matter-of-fact in his references to it. 'It need not raise any man's wonder, for what use it was, there having been many very lately to be seen, as well as very large spits which were given for entertainment of the parish at the wedding of poor maids.'

CHAPTER XI

ON THE BANKS OF THE WEY—EASHING (SHACKLEFORD), PEPER HAROW AND ELSTEAD

THE Lower Wey—embracing in that term the course of the river from Guildford to the Thames—has many beautiful reaches, as all who know it will admit. But it is far eclipsed in variety of charm and interest by the upper portion of the stream; and to these softer scenes we may well turn if we wish for pleasant and striking contrasts with the pines and the heather of the moorland which we have just traversed.

Godalming, clustering on the banks of the stream and climbing the hillsides which overlook its course towards Shalford and Guildford, is our most convenient starting-point, and so rich is it in routes to tempt the cyclist and the rambler that our chief difficulty at the outset will be to select one of the many alternatives open to us. No doubt the canoeist who, having obtained the needful permit, faces the hazards and labours of a voyage up the shallow river may in some respects have the advantage of us so far as the Wey and its actual banks are concerned. But afoot we shall visit spots that he will miss, and we shall traverse many bits of Devonian Surrey as we make our way along and across the river valley. It matters little whether we elect to follow the river-bank as closely as possible from Godalming Church to Hurtmoor Bottom or whether we climb at once to the uplands by the path which skirts Ockford Wood Park. In either case we quit pleasant views of the rich river valley only to find as we ascend to higher ground broad vistas open out on either hand, with peeps of the Hindhead and Hog's Back ridges in the distance and the noble spires of Charterhouse in the near background. Presently, we find ourselves in Eashing Lane, and then after passing farmhouses almost ideal, alike in their setting and their colouring, we may dip down

by yet another fascinating footpath among the trees, and rejoin the river-banks just above Eashing Bridge.

The picture which meets the gaze fascinates us at once, as the eye wanders from the half-timbered cottages to the mill; from the mill to the bridge, gray with age; and from the bridge to the gently flowing stream, its bed overgrown with rushes, its banks dotted with willows; and from the stream to the rich foliage in the meadows and on the steep hillside. One shudders to think that the bridge was in sore danger only the other day. In accordance with strict utilitarian principles, it was condemned

EASHING HOUSE IN 1828.
(From an old print.)

as inadequate and dangerous for heavy traffic. Dèstruction seemed imminent, and in the place of a fabric whose stones, rich with lichen, have weathered the storms of many a century, there were visions of a spick and span iron structure of the type beloved by the railway engineer, and accepted as orthodox and economical by the average 'local authority.' Fortunately more enlightened views prevailed, and the old bridge has now passed to the benevolent hands of the National Trust.

Here, as at Tilford and Elstead, one may naturally feel tempted to conjecture, with Miss Jekyll in 'Home and Garden,' how the arches of

these old buildings were built. Their 'ragged outline points to some ruder method of support than the usual wooden centering of modern work,' and there seems to the lay mind much plausibility in the same writer's suggestion that there was some rough construction of tree-trunks and faggoting and earth put up to build upon, 'just as the vaulted rooms

EASHING BRIDGE.

are built to this day in Southern Italy, where wood is not to be had, by building up faggots of brushwood and earth into the form of a filling of vault or dome or waggon-head.'

While we are still tarrying on the bridge, which itself dates back to King John's days, it is fitting to recall that Eashing can lay some

claim to antiquity. It was named as Esc-ing in Alfred's will, as part of the property in Surrey bequeathed by the King to his nephew Æthelm, and the question has arisen as to whether it was not the site of one of the two burhs, or fortifications—Eschingum and Suthringageweorc—erected by Alfred's son for protection against the Danes. We need not, amid such surroundings as these, closely scrutinize the evidence for and against this theory. But I may note that it finds scant favour with Surrey's most recent historian.

'The modern Eashing,' Mr. Malden points out, 'is not a place for a burh. It lay in those days out of the way, among heaths and woods, some miles from the lines of communication across the country. Where a burh was wanted was at Guildford on the Pilgrims' Way, and at the passage of the river, where an enemy going from east to west was almost bound to pass. Farnham, too, was on the road, and fighting had actually occurred there in Alfred's days. The burhs generally became boroughs in a later sense, and Guildford became the county borough, and was certainly the site of an ancient fortress. At Eashing there is no record or relic of a town or fortress. Eashing is emphatically a tribal name, a people, or kindred—"the sons of the ash." It is tempting to suppose that this territory reached what is now Guildford, and that the burh stood among "the sons of the ash." The name Guildford existed too in 901, and may have gradually supplanted the more general name, which became restricted to a more particular settlement of the people at some distance from the fortified town.'*

But this, Mr. Malden frankly admits, is merely conjectural, and while we accept the fact that there were two burhs in Surrey at this period, it is obviously open to doubt whether the Eashing we see around us was ever the site of any rude fortress when the storm of Danish invasion was breaking upon the land.

Almost directly we have crossed the bridge we may enter Peper Harow Park by the drive on the left. But Shackleford, up to which the road leads us pleasantly through the woodland, must not thus be passed by. Although the modern houses dotted among the trees point conclusively to its recent upgrowth, it is one of the relatively few places in the county which have yielded proofs of the Roman occupation. Moreover, its church, designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, deserves a visit if only for the beauty of its

* See 'History of Surrey.'

THIS ALMES-HOVSE WAS Y̆E GIFTE OF RICHARD WYATT GENT: CITTIZ̄E OF LONDON
& FREE OF Y̆E COMPANY OF Y̆E CARPENTERS, WHO DIED Y̆E 8 OF NOVR: 1619
KINGSTON-UPON-THAMES
PUBLIC LIBRARY.

THE WYATT BRASS IN THE WYATT ALMSHOUSES, PEASMARSH.

To face p. 112.

situation at the junction of the four cross-roads. And, further still, Shackleford three centuries ago had for its Squire a worthy London Alderman whose name and memory we certainly ought not to forget. I refer to Thomas Wyatt, whose almshouses still stand abutting on the Portsmouth Road, on the Godalming side of the Peasmarsh, as proof of his philanthropy and his connection with this corner of Surrey.

Wyatt's career was in many respects precisely of the type which the City of London in the old days rightly held in honour. The son of a Sussex Rector, he was apprenticed to one Robert Sheers, of the Carpenters' Company, and in due course fell in love with and married his master's daughter Margaret; prospered exceedingly in business—at one time he rented what is now known as Triggs' Wharf, in the parish of Peter Paul Wharf; was thrice Master of the Carpenters' Company; and acquired property in five or six parishes in Surrey as well as in several other counties. At Shackleford he owned the estate known as Hall Place, which remained in his family for many years, and, after passing through other hands, was bought, in 1797, by the fourth Lord Midleton, who pulled down the mansion and added the land to Peper Harow Park.

When Wyatt died in 1619, he left full instructions to his 'loving wife' as to the disposition of his property. From these particulars we get some glimpse of his family trials. It seems that his eldest son, Henry, certainly had not imitated his father's prudent thrift. 'Henry,' says the latter in his will, 'hath already had £550 of me, which is more than his part [of 'all my moveables'] will come to, and hath spent it with a great deal more, yet will endeavour himself to take no good course to him, I allowing him thirty pounds a year to maintain himself, but still runneth into every man's debt and hoping in my death, which I mean shall be little to his profit, I praying God daily to amend him.'

Still, the father could not be harsh to his spendthrift son. 'Let him have,' the will continues, 'such a part as will arise out of the third part of my moveables.'

And the family jars did not stop here. Margaret, the fourth child and the eldest daughter, seems to have been almost as headstrong as her eldest brother. On her second marriage, her husband was, in her father's words, 'a man of her own choosing.' There was litigation over the marriage settlements, for Wyatt gave nothing with her, 'because she married him without my good wish.' Margaret resented this treatment. 'She doth

go about to scandal me,' says her father, 'and saith I have done her great wrong.' But the old man bore no ill-will towards his offspring. He prayed God to forgive his daughter; took Him to witness that in respect to the said settlements and litigation he acted as he was advised by counsel; and though he knew Margaret would be the first to speak against him when he had gone, he left her 'so much as might be her due' out of the third of all his moveables 'and £10 more.'

As to the almshouses, the instructions left were characteristically precise. Wyatt's widow was bidden to get permission to build ten almshouses for 'ten poore to dwell in' in some convenient place near Godalming, upon some part of Peasmarsh. Four of the inmates were to be chosen from Godalming, two from Puttenham, and one each from Hambledon, Compton and Dunsfold parishes. They were to be neither drunkards, swearers nor blasphemers. They were to go together orderly to Godalming Parish Church, if the weather was fair, to hear prayers; if the weather was not fair, they were to worship in the chapel. Due financial provision was made for the erection of the buildings; an endowment of £70 per annum from land at Shackleford and Hambledon was provided, to be divided among the inmates on a specified scale.

Wyatt's widow was to select the first inmates. Afterwards the government of the institution was to be transferred to the Carpenters' Company, who were to visit the almshouses once a year, and, in company with two out of the parish of Godalming and one out of every parish before named, were to inquire into and reprove abuses. With a forethought in keeping with the best traditions of the City, Wyatt made provision for both the spiritual and creature comforts of the visitors. They were to hear a sermon and to dine together. The preacher was to receive 6s. 8d., and 40s. was allowed for the dinner.

If the Carpenters' Company 'misliked the offer'—Wyatt was evidently a man to prepare for all eventualities—the Mayor of Guildford was to be asked to undertake the duties prescribed and to receive the revenue set apart from Wyatt's land at Bramshott to defray any charges in carrying out the testator's intentions. Needless to say, the Carpenters' Company did not decline the responsibility; and the visit of inspection, the consequent sermon by the Vicar and the dinner are still annual events at Godalming.

Shackleford to-day knows little of Wyatt. Its church, essentially

IN PEPER HAROW PARK.

To face p. 114.

modern, has no record of this seventeenth-century Squire, who, with his wife, worshipped at Puttenham. But it surely should not forget the name of a citizen whose good deeds will long keep his memory green.

From Shackleford to Peper Harow our road leads through pleasant open woodlands, where oak, beech, and fir flourish amid rich growth of fern and bracken. In little more than half a mile we reach the entrance to Peper Harow Park. But before we actually reach the park itself the eye is attracted by the picture, almost perfect in form and colour, formed by the group of farm buildings and dwellings and the church, past which both carriage-drive and footpath lead. It is an idyllic spot, typical—shall we say?—of the close relationship of former days between squire, parson and yeoman.

Peper Harow Church has been described as one of the finest in Southern Surrey. The praise, I think, is excessive. Dunsfold is far more perfect architecturally, Cranleigh more spacious and impressive. Possibly, if Pugin's ambitious scheme of reconstruction had been carried out in its entirety sixty years ago, the claim so made would have held good. Pugin's plans, however, were adopted only in a modified form, though on quite a sufficient scale to leave distinct evidence of his handiwork.

Still, the church as it stands to-day has many features of interest. Note specially the graceful south porch; the three transitional Norman arches and their clustered shafts of Irish marble from the Midleton quarries in County Cork; the finely-executed effigy by Weekes of the fourth Lord Midleton; and the glowing decorations of the Midleton mortuary chapel, where Pugin had full scope. In front of the altar is a stone slab, inlaid with a cross in brass, recording the death of Joan Adderley, widow of Sir John Adderley, Lord Mayor of London in 1442, and afterwards wife of William Brocas, Lord of the Manor of Peper Harow in Henry VI.'s time. A brass to the memory of the same lady is to be found also on the north side of the chancel. William Brocas, it is interesting to note, was somewhat lucky to be in possession of the Peper Harow property at this time, for his father, Bernard Brocas, to whom it had descended just at the close of the fourteenth century, had taken part with the Dukes of Exeter and Surrey and others in a conspiracy against Henry IV., and had suffered a traitor's fate on Tower Hill in 1400, his estates, of course, escheating to the Crown. William Brocas was fortunate enough to obtain the restitution of the property, which remained

in his family for two or three generations after his marriage with Lady Joan.

The church and the manor-house have always been closely linked together, and we may therefore note here that the estate, having descended through females and undergone partition, was ultimately re-united when it passed into the hands of Mr. Henry Smith and his wife, Jane Covert, towards the end of the sixteenth century. Apparently it was sold by them to Sir Walter Covert, of Slaugham, who settled it on his second wife, to whom Thomas Fuller dedicated a treatise, entitled 'Joseph's Parti-coloured Coat.' Then we learn from one of Swift's letters to Stella that he thought Mrs. Masham, Queen Anne's favourite and the 'great Sarah's' rival, might be disposed to buy the property from Philip Frowde—a Postmaster-General of the same period, to whom it had been sold in 1699-1700. But this expectation was not realized, and a purchaser was actually found (1713) in Alan Brodrick, afterwards first Viscount Midleton.

Of the house or buildings which existed at Peper Harow during this long succession of years, and many changes of ownership, no indications now remain which can be identified with any certainty. Lady Jane Covert refers in her will to her 'jointure house at Peper Harow,' but there is no evidence to show when that house was erected, or whether it was the same as that pulled down in 1760-65. It is shown on a plan of the park dated 1753 as standing on what is now the flower-garden, north-west of the present mansion. A depression marks the site, and the position of the magnificent cedars of Lebanon, which are one of the glories of Peper Harow, and which are known to have been planted in 1735 or 1736, confirms the evidence of the plan on this point. No picture of the house remains, and no actual traces of the building have been discovered. There seems, however, good warrant for attributing to the seventeenth century the cottage which was formerly occupied by Admiral Brodrick, and is now the garden house. The very fine yew hedge near by is probably of much the same date, and two of the church-bells are dated 1663 and 1694 respectively.

The present mansion was begun by the third Lord Midleton, and continued by his son and successor, whose effigy we have already noticed in the church. It was designed by Sir William Chambers, and the gardens were laid out by 'Capability Brown.' From time to time various

additions were made to the estate, including the Shackleford property, which, as we have seen, at one time belonged to the Wyatts, and Oxenford Grange, of which I shall have more to say presently.

Concerning one or two Rectors of Peper Harow in bygone days a few words ought to be said. Thus, we find that Robert Wood, Rector of Peper Harow in 1640, was called upon by the Chancellor of the Diocese to explain, at a visitation at Guildford, why he had not read the prayer appointed by the King during the expedition against the Scots. Mr. Wood seems to have been in no degree overawed by the implied charge. He boldly replied that he knew not from what authority the prayer came. Moreover, since he heard the Scots were come into England, he thought it needless, because he had heard of an accommodation. And, furthermore, he prayed for the King in his prayer before the sermon. Finally, when asked if he would amend his ways and in future duly read the appointed prayer, Mr. Wood was still of the same mind. His defence seems to have served. At any rate the State Papers do not show that he suffered any of the pains or penalties of contumacy.

Oughtred's intimate friend, Robert Wood, a native of Peper Harow, is believed to have been a son of this obstinate Rector. He rose to some eminence as a mathematician. Besides translating Oughtred's 'Clavis' into English, he compiled several treatises which were published above his own name, including 'A New Almanac for Ever,' of which there is some account in the Transactions of the Royal Society. He held office under the Government as a Commissioner of the Revenue and Accountant-General to the Commissioners for Forfeited Estates in Ireland.

To Owen Manning, who held this living from 1769 to 1801, passing reference is also due. A remarkable story is told of his youth. Whilst he was a graduate at Cambridge he suffered from small-pox, and 'was laid out for dead.' His father in a hopeless way went to look at him. Moved by a sudden impulse, he raised his son's body, saying, 'I will give my dear boy another chance,' and to his amazement he beheld signs of returning consciousness.

Thus brought back from the brink of the grave, Manning was spared for many years to live the life of a parish priest, and of an earnest but modest student. He was Rector of Chiddingfold and Vicar of Godalming, preferring the latter living to that of St. Nicolas, Guildford, which he was offered and declined. He became also a Canon of Lincoln, and was

a Fellow both of the Royal Society and the Society of Antiquaries. Besides compiling a Saxon dictionary at a time when such research met with scant encouragement, he wrote a life of King Alfred and translated many sermons. Above all, we in Surrey must always remember that we owe to him the inception and a considerable portion of the text of the history of the county which William Bray completed.

Manning, as I have hinted, was modest as well as erudite. At his death, five years after he had been overtaken by blindness, due to his studies, he desired that no monument should be raised to his memory. But his friends and former parishioners at Godalming felt that this request could not be strictly complied with ; a white marble tablet in the nave of Godalming Church and a headstone in the churchyard were erected as a 'token of respect and esteem,' and on them tribute is paid to his 'piety and his virtues, in order that so much worth should not remain undistinguished in the grave.'

For Peper Harow park—always open to the public—one can have nothing but admiration. From the high ground on which the church and mansion stand, the prospect is exquisite in its soft and varied beauty as we look across the river-valley to the hills beyond. Presently we dip down towards the southern boundary of the park and Oxenford Grange, once owned by the Cistercians of Waverley. From a reference in the Loseley MSS. it appears that a house of fair size existed here in the sixteenth century, and this building was enlarged and occupied two centuries later by the Brodrick family whilst the present mansion was in course of erection. But later on much of this building was pulled down, and the remaining fragment converted into a cottage. No substantial traces of any masonry of medieval date can now be discovered, and the new farm buildings close to the gate-house, erected in 1845, are chiefly interesting because they represent Pugin's idea of the barns and sheds appropriate to a conventual farm. The White Monks, it has been truly said, would assuredly feel at home here if they could find their way back to this peaceful spot on the river-banks.

Two traditions which attach to the farm are almost too familiar to need mention. There is the story of which Aubrey tells, that 'gold and silver money, not Roman, but old English, and also rings, have been found near this place, which makes the inhabitants give 2s. an acre more rent than elsewhere in hopes of finding further treasure.' Another version

speaks of buried treasure which none but the right owners will ever find. 'It is enclosed in a coffer which can only be stirred by seven milk-white oxen.' The chest was once discovered—as tradition records—but some black hairs defiled the pure white of the oxen used in removing it, and it sank again into the ground. In these prosaic days we shall be more disposed to attribute the higher rent to the shrewdness of the monks in the choice of the most fruitful land. Of Bonfield Spring, close by, over which stands a cell designed by Pugin, it is similarly recorded that the waters of the spring were of high repute as an eye lotion.

ELSTEAD CHURCH, *CIRCA* 1820.
(From an old print.)

A couple of miles further along the valley and we reach Elstead Heath, where we are on the borders of the commons and wild heathlands which stretch away to the Hindhead ridge. Here, in the church, we note the belfry stair, cut out of one solid slab of oak, and the curious decoration of the chancel ceiling, with groups of pelicans feeding their young, the device adopted by Richard Fox, Bishop of Winchester, in the days of Henry VIII., which recalls Withers' lines in his 'Emblems':

'Look here and mark this kind pelican,
And when this holy emblem thou shalt see,
Lift up thy soul to Him who died for thee.'

CHAPTER XII

TILFORD AND THE WHITE MONKS

ELSTEAD should by no means mark the limit of our rambles by the banks of the Wey. We must, at least, saunter on for two or three miles along the river-valley until we reach the tiny village of Tilford, where the Wey and the Till join forces, and where once again we approach the pines and the heather.

Tilford, with its river-encircled green, its modest but pleasantly placed church, its twin bridges which have figured on the canvas of so many artists, has indeed many claims to our notice. Who in Surrey has not heard of the King's Oak on the village green—the identical tree mentioned by Henry de Blois in his charter to Waverley monks seven centuries and a half ago? True, Cobbett has declared that when he was a little boy it was 'but a very little tree.' But here Cobbett's memory, one is tempted to think, as one notes the girth and magnificent branches of this monarch of the forest, must have played him false. To-day, as for years past, it ranks as one of the finest oaks in the South of England; and whether its age be 300 or 1,000 years, who can easily forgive the vandalistic intentions credited to Bishop Brownlow North when (as it is alleged) he gave orders to have the tree—the pride of Tilford—cut down? But for once the Bishop had to bow to the popular will. According to Manning and Bray, the people of the tithing were so wroth at its suggested destruction that they drove in a great number of spikes and large nails to prevent its being cut; and the Bishop's second thoughts in this connection were better and wiser than his first.

Just beyond the bridge which spans the Till before it joins the Wey, we notice Tilford House, which early in the eighteenth century was the Surrey seat of Sir Thomas and Lady Abney, with whom Dr. Isaac Watts spent so many years of his life. With them he came to Tilford; he is

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TILFORD BRIDGE.

To face p. 120.

said to have preached frequently in the small private chapel in the courtyard, and to have composed some of his hymns in the summer-house which stands behind the house.

To Tilford Lodge, half a century later, came Charlotte Smith; and here, as the reredos in the church reminds us, her chequered life came to a close.

Charlotte Smith's name is not, of course, one of the great names in English literature. To many of us to-day it is virtually unknown. But her life-story is singularly pathetic. Born in 1749, she 'entered society' at the age of twelve, and received her first offer of marriage at fourteen. The proposal was declined by her father on the score of her youth; but only two years later, when her parent had himself married again, she was wedded to one Benjamin Smith, five years her senior. The marriage was emphatically not one of affection, and even in the first years of wedded life there was little brightness. The girl-wife spent much of her time in enforced attendance on an invalid mother-in-law of exacting disposition; and, while Charlotte longed for the country, she and her husband were obliged to reside over the elder Smith's house of business in the City.

But worse was to come. When later on the mother-in-law died, the young couple went to live in Hampshire; and after the death of Smith's father, her husband's extravagance soon brought financial troubles in its train. One anecdote shows the manner of man her husband was: Charlotte expressed to a friend the desire that her husband should find rational employment. The friend, in response, suggested that his enthusiasm might be directed towards religion. 'Oh,' replied Charlotte, 'for Heaven's sake do not put it into his head to take to religion, for if he does he will instantly begin by building a cathedral!'

Difficulties and litigation as to his father's will brought matters to a crisis. The Hampshire estate was sold, and in 1782 Smith was imprisoned for debt, and his wife shared his confinement for seven months. Charlotte's courage, however, never seems to have failed. Like many another woman in trouble, she turned to her pen for help. For some years she had been in the habit of writing sonnets, and, anxious now to find some means of supporting herself and her family, she strove to induce Dodsley to publish some of her compositions. Dodsley at first declined. Ultimately, however, a little volume was produced by him at Charlotte's expense, and quickly found favour with the public.

But her domestic trouble increased rather than diminished. After a short stay in France, where she busied herself with some translations, she returned to England, and secured a separation from her husband. Thereafter they lived apart. The children remained with the mother, and while Charlotte occasionally met her husband, constantly corresponded with him, and continued to give him financial assistance, she firmly refused to live with him again. Shortly afterwards her first novel, 'Emmeline,' was published, and won generous praise from Sir Walter Scott. Other novels followed, among which 'The Old Manor House' ranks first in popularity and merit. Failing health was now added to other troubles; but her cheerful temperament enabled her to forget all cares in her literary work, and novel followed novel each year in regular succession.

A friend wrote in 1801: 'Charlotte Smith is writing more volumes of "The Solitary Wanderer" for immediate subsistence. She is a woman full of sorrows. One of her daughters made an imprudent marriage, and the man, after behaving extremely ill towards the family, died. The widow has come to her mother, not worth a shilling, with three young children.'

It was not until 1805 that Charlotte Smith removed to Tilford, and here she died in the following October, seven months after the death of the husband from whom she had lived apart for nearly twenty years.

From Tilford Church and Green we must, of course, make our way to Waverley, taking for preference the path which leads past Till Hill Farm and Sheep Hatch, and ultimately brings us to Waverley Mill. Here the placid stream, the rich water-meadows, the warm hues of the tiled roofs, and the background of firs, combine to form a scene of singular loveliness. When, a little further on, we enter the park, we soon reach the ruins on the river-bank, and a glance is sufficient to show how admirably —but for floods—the monks chose the site of their once-famous home.

I can make no attempt to tell in full the story of this, the first settlement of the White Monks, the mother-house of the Cistercians in the South of England. The theme merits more sympathetic treatment than it has yet received at the hands of county historian or occasional writer; and any endeavour to deal with it adequately would carry me far beyond the limits of these notes and sketches. But who can wander among the meagre ruins still left to us on this broad rich meadow, almost encircled by the winding Wey, without some passing thought of the record of human aspiration and devotion, and of all the manifold vicissitudes of the life of

'the religious' which these stones commemorate! The annals of Waverley —we like to think, of course, that it was from poring over these time-worn chronicles that Sir Walter was led to choose the title which has since

THE KING'S OAK, TILFORD.

become a household word throughout the world—are rich in incident on which the kindly imagination affectionately lingers. We, for our part, however, must be content with a glimpse here and there.

First, then, we picture a small band of twelve monks and their Abbot, newly arrived in England from Normandy, making this tranquil spot their home nearly eight centuries ago. Bishop Giffard of Winchester was their sponsor and benefactor, and he endowed them with the manor after which their abbey was named. Desolate and wild much of the surrounding country undoubtedly was. Even as recently as the last century wild deer from Wolmer were to be seen near Crooksbury, and six years after its foundation the abbey was spoken of, with almost literal truth, as 'in the forest,' and its monks as dwelling 'far from all company.' But the fertile valley was soon to yield an encouraging reward to the patient industry of the White Monks; for though the Cistercian rule produced but few eminent scholars or statesmen, it provided in its earlier and purer days an abundance of practical work. The monks' wool and corn were the best the country produced; their farms or granges were far in advance of the rude agriculture of the times.

Moreover, do not let us forget that they played their part in the great religious revival which swept over the land in the days of Henry I., when 'everywhere, in town and country, men banded themselves together for prayer.' To men of the world the simple austerity of the Cistercians made a profound appeal. Only a few years after their arrival at Waverley, William of Malmesbury wrote that 'the Cistercian Order is now both believed and asserted to be the surest road to heaven.'

The White Monks lived indeed a life of stern self-repression. As the same writer tells us in some detail, they wore neither furs nor linen, and, except on extraordinary occasions, they ate neither fish, eggs, milk, nor cheese. From September till Easter they took only one meal a day, except on Sunday. They slept clad and girded, rose at midnight, and continued till daybreak in singing God's praises; then, after prime and Mass, spent the day in labour, reading, and prayer. Only one hour a day was given to conversation. In a phrase, to quote the old chronicler's words, 'they were a model for all the monks.'

Thus the Waverley settlement grew in wealth, numbers, and fame, until, in 1180, it mustered 70 monks and 130 lay brethren, and kept 30 ploughs in constant work.

With increased riches and power came larger ambitions. In place of the rude Norman church first erected by the side of the river a noble abbey church was designed, and around it ultimately there was built a

group of buildings, which included the Chapter-house, the guest-house, the refectory, the treasury, and an infirmary, to say nothing of the gateway by the river, the four stone bridges, and the Chapel of St. Mary at the convent gate, of which we find mention in the original records. Finally, indeed, the site was covered with a stately pile which rivalled, if it did not surpass, those of Tintern and Furness.

Only by degrees was this comprehensive design carried out, for the White Monks did not escape the ups and downs of life. Turn, for example, to the story of the abbey church. The work had just been set

MOTHER LUDLAM'S CAVE.
(From an old print.)

on foot in 1203, when a ' great famine and dying of men ' befell the house, and the monks were forced to flee and seek shelter within other walls. Five years later they were again in distress. King John, smarting under the Pope's edict, seized the property of all ecclesiastics, and among them the possessions of William, Rector of Broadwater, Sussex, the chief benefactor to the new church. For a while the outlook was dark, but it brightened quickly and unexpectedly.

In the very same year the King visited the abbey. Although assuredly no lover of ecclesiastics, he was apparently favourably impressed with his reception, for he restored the confiscated property of the Rector of Broadwater especially to enable him to carry on the building of the church.

John's visits were not often associated with such pleasant deeds, and perhaps we may find the clue to this exception to the general rule in the fact that the King had on this occasion brought his wine with him. Moreover, as the records show that some 500 gallons were thus provided for a couple of days' visit, we may plausibly infer that the requirements of even his thirsty household were fully met.

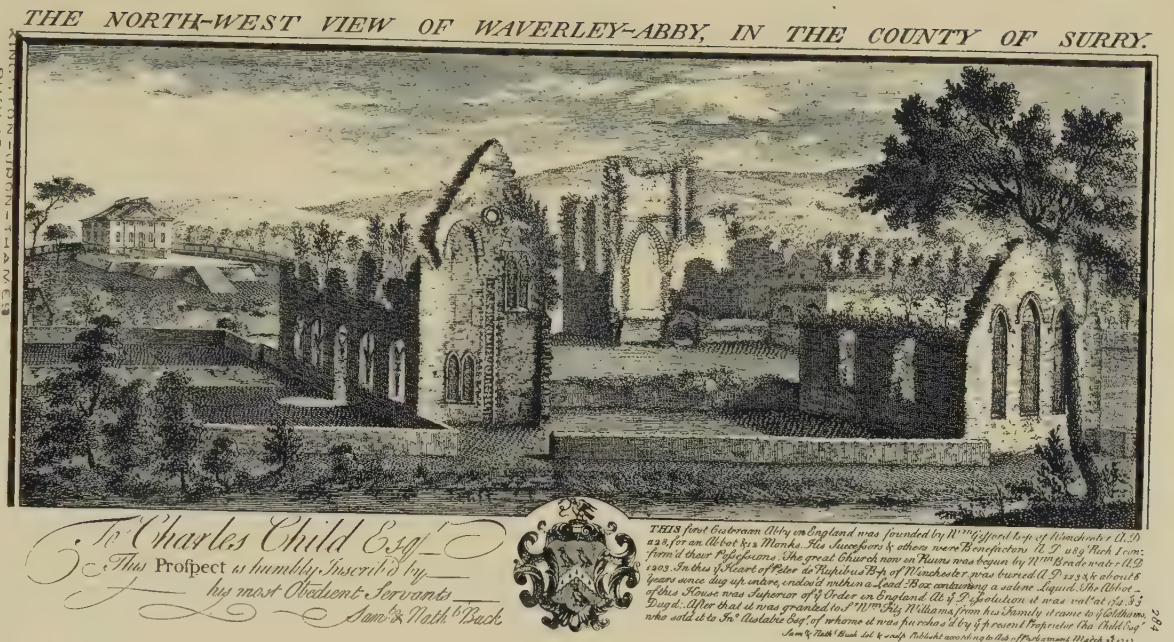
John, however, was again in a hostile mood a couple of years later. His wrath was kindled against all the Cistercian Order. The Abbot of Waverley left his house and fled away secretly by night. The monks were 'scattered round about throughout England.' In time the storm blew over. Abbot and monks returned, and again steadily pushed on with their big building schemes. Yet nearly thirty years elapsed before the first portion of their church was complete.

By 1231 the choir transepts, central tower, and western abutments were finished, and we read that 'on the feast of St. Thomas the Apostle the monks of Waverley entered the new church from the first old church with a solemn procession and joy of great devotion.' As the recent excavations carried on by the Surrey Archæological Society conclusively show, the front of the old church was incorporated with the new.

For another forty years the monks worked on with a patient persistence which we Englishmen of to-day may well admire and envy as we think of Truro. And then finally, in 1278, just three-quarters of a century after the first start was made, the fabric was complete.

Great were the rejoicings with which the event was celebrated. On St. Matthew's Day the church was solemnly dedicated to the Blessed Virgin by Nicholas Ely, Bishop of Winchester, and nothing that episcopal goodwill and favour could do was lacking to make the occasion memorable. The Bishop not only granted to all present 'one year's remission' and 'forty days of pardon to all who should frequent that place on the anniversary of its dedication,' but in things temporal he was, to say the least, equally generous and certainly more unselfish. As the annalist tells us, 'out of the abundance of his favour and devotion, being desirous that everything relating to the said dedication should be accomplished with joy and happiness, he magnificently supplied at his own expense on that day provisions for all persons present.'

Another contemporary chronicler carries the story still further: 'And not only on the first day, but even almost through the nine days'


THE NORTH-WEST VIEW OF WAVERLEY-ABBY, IN THE COUNTY OF SURRY.
To Charles Child Esqr
This Prospect is humbly Inscribed by
his most Obedient Servants
Sam.l & Nath.l Buck
THIS first Cistercian Abby in England was founded by Wm Giffard Bpp of Winchester A.D. 1128 for an Abbot & 12 Monks. His Successors & others were Benefactors A.D. 1189 Rich. I. confirm'd their Possessions. The great Church now in Ruins was begun by Wm Bredwardine A.D. 1203. In this Church of Peter de Rupibus Bpp of Winchester was buried A.D. 1238 & about 6 years since dug up, intire, enclos'd within a Lead Box containing a saline Liquid. The Abbot of this House was Superior of ye Order in England. At ye Dissolution it was valu'at 154 l. 3 s. Dugd. After that it was granted to Sr Wm Sir Wm Williams from his Family it came to ye Goldhams who sold it to Jno Alstabe Esq. of whome it was purchas'd by ye present Proprietor Ch. Child Esq.
Sam.l & Nath.l Buck del. & sculp. Publish'd according to Act of Parliament March 25 1737
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WAVERLEY ABBEY IN 1737.

To face p. 126.

solemnities, he sustained with victuals all who frequented the said place. No less than six Abbots and other prelates were present on the occasion, very many knights and ladies, and so great a multitude of both sexes that it was impossible to number them. The number of those who sat down the first day to meat was 7,066 of both sexes, and this was reckoned according to the distribution of dishes; and all these, being refreshed by the overteeming generosity of the Bishop, returned to their homes glorifying and praising God.'

Perhaps we ought to exercise a careful discretion before unreservedly accepting the exact figures of this medieval statistician. But whether the Bishop's hospitality was limited to one day or nine, and whether his guests numbered seven thousand or one, we may well believe that the feastings and rejoicings were on a scale which Waverley had never before witnessed. Bishop Nicholas, let me add, was always partial to Waverley, and on his death, a year later, he directed that his body should be buried in the abbey church, while his heart was carried to Winchester Cathedral.

But busy though they were with their husbandry and their architectural schemes, the monks were keen in the defence of the rights of their Order. There was, for example, a delicate question of precedence as between Waverley and Furness, which, after much controversy, was finally decided in favour of the former. Then we have, too, the familiar and instructive story of the invasion of the privilege of sanctuary committed by certain officers of justice in the apprehension of a young shoemaker within the precincts of the abbey. According to the annalist, the shoemaker was plying his calling at Waverley, when he was seized on a charge that he had committed homicide some months previously. He was bound and carried off to prison, despite the anathema of the Abbot and the protests of the seniors of the monastery. Waverley was at once up in arms. The services—even the Masses—were stopped. The Abbot, failing to persuade the Papal Legate to intervene, hurried to the King (Henry III.) himself, and with sighs and tears brought his complaint into the royal presence.

The King played the part of a wise mediator. At his suggestion the services of the abbey were renewed pending his Council's decision on the constitutional question involved. The Council were hard to convince. 'Most perversely interpreting the Apostolic writings, and expounding them maliciously,' they first gave their answer against the Order, thereby causing 'much grief of heart and bitterness of soul' to the worthy Abbot.

But still he persisted in his claims, and at length won the day. The man was brought back to the abbey by the same officers, to the joy of the neighbourhood. The overzealous officers were less happy in their fate. They were excommunicated, and then only restored after satisfaction had been done to God and the abbey, and after they had been publicly whipped by the Prior and the Vicar of Farnham.

'They became in future more respectful to our Order,' adds the chronicler with naïve satisfaction. Who can wonder? And what were the feelings of the young shoemaker at his narrow escape from the clutches of the law?

No doubt monastic life at Waverley, as elsewhere, changed for the worse in subsequent years, but on these developments we must not pause to dwell. We must be content to glance for a moment at two letters which tell us in bare outline the story of the abbey's fall. First we have Dr. Richard Layton's account of his visit to the abbey in September, 1535, when the first warning note was struck. Now, Layton was a man after Thomas Cromwell's own heart, and he certainly did not spare the monks and their ruler when he despatched the Abbot to Cromwell at Winchester with a note of introduction, from which I quote a typical sentence or two. Thus: 'The man (the Abbot) is honest, but none of the children of Solomon: every monk within his house is his fellow, and every servant his master. . . . Yesterday, early in the morning, sitting in my chamber in examination I could neither get bread, nor drink, neither fire of those knaves, till I was fretished [fretishing—a pain in the limbs arising from cold]; and the Abbot durst not speak to any of them. . . . It shall be expedient for you to give him a lesson, and tell the poor fool what he should do. Among his monks I found corruption of the worst sort, because they dwell in the forest from all company.'

The Abbot, it is to be feared, had an unpleasant quarter of an hour with Cromwell. But all that we know of the interview is summed up in a single phrase quoted by the Abbot himself nine months later, when he made a last despairing appeal for mercy to the 'right honorable Master secretary to the King,' in response to the latter's ominous demand for full particulars of the 'true extent, value and account of the monastery.' Cromwell was besought, 'for the love of Christ's passion,' to 'help the preservation of this poor monastery, that we your beadsmen may remain in the service of God, with the meanest living that any poor men may live

with in this world. . . . In no vain hope I write this to your mastership, forasmuch you put me in such boldness full gently when I was in suit to you the last year at Winchester, saying, " Repair to me for such business as ye shall have from time to time." Therefore instantly praying you, I and my poor brethren with weeping—yes, desire you to help them; in this world no creatures in more trouble.'

The appeal was, of course, in vain. The very next month the Abbot had to surrender the property to the Commissioners, and though the monks for a time found shelter in other houses of the Order, they were soon again dispersed in the general overthrow of conventual life. They numbered but thirteen, however, for Waverley had fallen far from its former high estate, and had been eclipsed both in wealth and numbers by other houses of the same Order in the South of England.

CHAPTER XIII

SEALE, PUTTENHAM, AND COMPTON

THE ruins of Waverley Abbey and the story of the White Monks far from exhaust the interesting associations of the corner of West Surrey to which our rambles have brought us. Just at hand we have Moor Park, with its memories of Temple and Dorothy Osborne, and of Swift and Stella. Near by is Mother Ludlam's Cave, where, according to tradition, the witches' caldron now at Frensham was first housed, and where, according to Aubrey, Lud, King of the West Saxons, repaired after the heat of a fight to cool and dress his wounds. Of course, we must bestow a glance upon the modest tenement, with its dormer-windows and its rich red tiles, where Swift is believed to have first met Esther Johnson; but on topics so attractive and inexhaustible as these we must not venture to dwell. We make our way, first, north by the Tongham road, and then toward the happily-placed villages of Seale, Puttenham, and Compton, at the foot of the great chalk ridge which runs from Farnham to Guildford.

We still have the boundary fence of Moor Park on our left, and, as the road ascends the slope of Crooksbury Hill, we are still among the pines,

> 'Where the deep mysterious pine gloom
> Frames the gorse's gold,
> Where in wealth untold
> The heather flushes into wine bloom.'

If we are wise, we shall not begrudge either the time or the labour required in climbing to the top of the fir-crowned hill. Here Cobbett, in his boyhood, was a 'taker of the nests of magpies,' and here we to-day may enjoy a glorious prospect over woods and heaths and the valley of the Wey, until the eye rests on the dim outlines of the northern downs

beyond Godalming and Guildford. When we descend and reach the cross-roads in the hamlet of Sands, we are sorely tempted to turn to the right and visit Cutmill Ponds and Common; the name dates back to John de Cotte, or Cutte, who owned it in the thirteenth century. With its magnificent sheet of water known as the Tarn, Cutmill Common is essentially one of the gems of the district. Its quiet loveliness will charm, whether the delicate tints of spring are clothing the birches and oaks with fresh beauty, or the gorgeous hues of autumn enrich the woods and commons which surround the lake.

SEALE CHURCH.

But, fascinating as this valley is, let us pursue our way northward towards Seale, where once again we strike the path of the Canterbury pilgrims.

For a mile or so after leaving Farnham and its castle, the summer pilgrims, no doubt, for the most part left the chalk road along the Hog's Back for the green woodland track at the southern base of the hill; here they would find shelter from the sun, and many more inducements to loiter by the way. To-day it is difficult to trace the exact track. At the

eastern end especially its identity has been for the most part lost in lanes and roads; but between Seale and Puttenham it is believed to have followed the course of the road which skirts Seale Common, and from Puttenham to Compton it can readily be recognised in the path which branches off from the road at the western corner of Puttenham Heath (almost opposite the Jolly Farmer), keeps near the northern edge of the heath, and ultimately brings the traveller to-day to the boundaries of Mr. G. F. Watts' residence. Thence the pilgrim, after a visit to Compton Church, would pursue his way to St. Catherine's Ferry along the Sandy Lane of to-day, and past Littleton Cross, 'where a bare-footed friar, with his money-bag, probably accepted thankfully the smallest offerings at the wayside shrine.' As Mr. Kerry has suggested, 'Robbers'' or 'Roamers' Moor' and 'Beggars' Corner'—names still in local use—probably date back to the days of the wayfarers; while Shoelands, the ivy-covered farm-house, bearing the date 1616 on its porch, which is passed midway between Seale and Puttenham, possibly owes its title to the old word 'shool,' which in many dialects signifies 'to beg.'

Following more or less closely the route which tradition thus marks out, a succession of leafy lanes, broken again and again by bits of breezy common, with the bold ridge of the Hog's Back always sheltering us to the north, offers as pleasant a ramble as a pedestrian can desire.

Seale may well be our first halting-place. Shut in by the fir-clad hills to the south, Seale to-day is placid and picturesque. Its parishioners may cherish strong feelings on certain vexed questions of infinite local importance which they have tried to settle with their neighbours at Tongham across the Hog's Back. But to the outward eye nothing could be more suggestive of peace and repose than the aspect of the village in the richly wooded, well-broken ground that separates the chalk ridge from the sandy moorland we have just recently traversed.

Charmingly placed on a knoll just above the centre of the village, with a magnificent elm as one of the features of its trim churchyard, Seale Church well merits a brief study. True, it is difficult to trace in the admirably kept and appointed fabric to-day much that recalls the original thirteenth-century church on the same site to which the pilgrims bent their steps. It was, in fact, partly rebuilt forty years ago, and very thoroughly restored in the seventies. But among its monuments we shall not fail to notice the Woodroffe brasses on the chancel wall, and the many

memorials to the Longs, including one to Edward Noel Long, the 'Cleon' of Byron's juvenile poems, who died at sea on his way to Spain.

The Woodroffes owned the Manor of Poyle in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, and the Manor of Poyle takes its name from a family of whom we have many reminders to-day in South-west

PUTTENHAM STREET.

Surrey. For early in the thirteenth century Walter de la Poyle (or Puille or Poille), a retainer in the family of Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Cornwall, obtained the wardship of, and ultimately married, the daughter and heiress of Stephen de Hampton in Oxford, and thus became the owner of an estate in that county afterwards known as Hampton Poyle. In Surrey the Poyles also acquired property; their connection with Guild-

ford is commemorated by Pewley Hill and the Poyle charities, and in Seale we have, on the north side of the Hog's Back, Poyle Park and Poyle House, and on the south side Hampton Lodge, just above the Cutmill Ponds.

Quitting Seale, we can, if we choose, inspect the rectangular entrenchment known as Hillbury, which may or may not be of Roman origin, or we may push on at once to Puttenham. And a very fascinating picture the village presents, when it first comes into view, just where a well-marked footpath on the right invites us to avoid the détour made by the road. A cluster of cottages, whose tiles are rich with the colouring age alone can give, amid a thick embowering wood, with the church tower in the distance against a background of magnificent trees—such is Puttenham as we see it from the slightly higher ground to the west.

Puttenham's records yield less of interest than might be expected at first thought. Its 'priory' does not mark the site of a religious house, as one is naturally tempted to suppose; the name simply distinguishes the part of the manor which passed into the hands of the priory of Newark.

So, too, with regard to its caves; they may have had something to do with the pilgrims, but of this there is not the slightest proof available. Possibly, as Mr. Ralph Nevill has hinted, the sand may have been dug out at some time for glass-making, or even for the ordinary purposes of building; or we may possibly have here one of the smugglers' hiding-places, as tradition is always so ready to suggest where caves are concerned. But of this, again, no record can be traced; Puttenham, as far as I can ascertain, is singularly destitute of smugglers' stories or legends.

But if the pilgrims had nothing to do with the caves, they certainly visited the church and the fair; and Puttenham, in its way, was just as prompt as Guildford and Farnham to cater for the travellers, and offered them every inducement to loiter in the village. We have further evidence of this in the fact that a rival fair was established—on the site still known as Fairfield—at Wanborough, just across the Hog's Back. Here six monks from Waverley had been established to serve the parish church, and though Wanborough was, from the pilgrims' point of view, on the wrong side of the chalk ridge, and the number of wayfarers attracted to it would be comparatively small, it was important enough to be worth a vigorous dispute between the Abbot of Waverley and the Prior of Newark.

From all which we may infer that Puttenham, halfway between

Farnham and Guildford on the main route of the summer pilgrims, was a halting-place of some note and favour with them. In its shady churchyard they, no doubt, found a tempting lounge.

In the church we need not tarry long; but we must not forget that an eighteenth-century Rector was Swift's 'little parson cousin,' Thomas Swift, who has left on record a charmingly naïve eulogy of the natural beauties of his parish:

'The situation of this place is so healthy, as to deserve such a Remark, as the finest Stroke of the best Pen could give it: Such is the Salubrity of its Air, as did those wealthy Citizens know it, who want nothing so much as Health, I might say with as much Truth, as the ingenious Mr. Cowley does with Wit, that they would come and make a City here; for in this little Spot you see a Specimen of the Antediluvian World, the Streets crowded with

'"Natis natorum, et qui nascuntur ab illis."

And such a Tribe of Patriarchs within Doors, as if this Place were exempted from the Feebleness and hasty Decays of this last Age of the World, and Death confin'd to keep his due Season for Harvest, mowing down none, until Time had ripen'd them for his Scythe.'

We do not nowadays visit Puttenham as a 'Specimen of the Antediluvian World'; but we may well hope that both its salubrity and its picturesqueness may long continue to deserve 'the finest Stroke' that 'the best Pen' can give it.

Pursuing our way eastward in the footsteps of the pilgrims, we must choose the path on our left, which quits the main-road just as we reach the edge of Puttenham Heath, and which takes us near the stone and flagpost commemorating the spot on which the late Queen's carriage was stationed fifty years ago on the occasion of a review. Guide-books have made much of the fact that Her Majesty exclaimed that she did not know that she had so lovely a spot in her dominions. It will be unwise, perhaps, to take this statement too literally. The view from Puttenham Heath, though varied and picturesque, certainly is rivalled, if not surpassed, from many other points in South-west Surrey.

Ultimately, as I have said, our track brings us to the northern outskirts of Compton village, and immediately beneath the pines which enclose Mr. Watts' Surrey home. Here the artist 'whose life and age are one

with love and fame' spends winter and spring in quietness, with 'his studio close to Nature's self.' In more senses than one the latter phrase is literally true. When Limnerslease was built the woods immediately around it were left untouched. Tall firs still stand in the natural garden, and 'the wild wood-birds, appreciating the kindly hands that have left their haunts as Nature made them, repay the kindness with a frank boldness that is a continual delight to the indwellers.' Fourscore years and more, we are happy to know, have left the veteran painter with his natural strength but little abated. Rather have they ripened his powers, quickened his insight, and fortified the buoyant faith with which he has ever viewed the fundamental problems of Thought and Life. And who can yet attempt to measure the influence of the example and the teaching of the artist-philosopher, whose consistent aim has been to give, and to prompt others to give, 'the utmost for the highest.'

In recognition of a kindliness which has never been known to fail, quite as much as in virtue of a world-wide fame, Mr. Watts' name will always be honoured in Compton. Not less have the villagers cause for gratitude to Mrs. Watts. For, thanks to their joint generosity, and the latter's untiring personal labours, Compton owns a mortuary chapel unique in the country. This little building, in brick and terra-cotta, which crowns a knoll within a stone's-throw of Limnerslease, is remarkable both in design and in execution. So far as manual work is concerned, it is the work of those for whose service it is built. The Lady of the Manor and the Squire each moulded a brick, and the decorations of the walls were almost entirely the product of the evening classes for the villagers conducted by Mrs. Watts and her friends during the winter. Thus the chapel is essentially an application of the principles of the Home Arts and Industries Association — a striking example of successful efforts to revive the taste for, and skill in, those home arts and crafts which may be made to play so beneficent a part in our village life.

The chapel, however, teaches other lessons. 'Built to the loving memory of all who find rest near its walls, and for the comfort and help of those to whom the sorrow of separation yet remains,' it was designed by Mrs. Watts so that its walls should 'tell the story, or, at least, some fragment of the story, of the spiritual life.' Symbolism reigns everywhere, and everywhere speaks of life and hope and faith and beauty. 'As far as is possible,' Mrs. Watts herself writes in 'The Word in the Pattern,'

'every bit of the decoration of this chapel, modelled in clay of Surrey by Compton hands under unusual conditions—much of the work having been done gratuitously, and all of it with the love of it that made the work delightful—has something to say, though the patterns can claim to be no more than the letters of a great word.' Thus, to quote only one or two examples, the decorated bricks of the buttresses bear a representation of the tree of life; on the doorway, man's destiny is shown as ascending from the dragons of darkness to the Cross; the frieze which runs round the building is called 'the Path of the Just,' and is descriptive of the

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passage, 'The path of the just is as a shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.'

Although internally much work still remains to be done, it is no slight praise to say of this recently-erected chapel in Compton's new graveyard that it equals in interest the old village church. The latter, of course, we must not fail to visit. For St. Nicholas, Compton, as all who know Surrey churches are aware, has many notable features, and one feature that stands alone in the county. I need make no attempt here to follow in detail either the careful description of the building which Mr. L. André some years ago contributed to the Surrey Archæological

Society 'Collections,' or the exhaustive monograph which the Rev. H. R. Ware recently devoted to the same subject in 'Three Surrey Churches.' It is enough for us who are ramblers first and ecclesiologists afterwards to note a few of the more salient facts concerning its structure and history.

Compton Church was, as we shall have imagined, a pilgrims' church, and the pilgrims left their marks upon its pillars. But its story dates much further back than this. Mr. Ware, who holds that there is some presumptive evidence of the existence of an even earlier church on this site, favours the view that the tower may belong to the days of Edward the Confessor. Next in order of date he places the lower stage of the east chancel, which belongs to the early Norman period. The eastern gallery, or upper sanctuary, as it has been termed, in its present form, and the high roof of the chancel, are, he thinks, of a somewhat later Norman period; later still came the arch in front of the gallery; and a few years subsequently (say about 1150) came the eight arches of the nave.

The eastern gallery, or upper sanctuary, to which reference has just been made, is the feature which gives the church its unique interest. Mr. Ware puts forward a very interesting theory to account for its construction. 'It seems probable that the original chancel at Compton was shorter than the present chancel, and that the lower stage of the eastern portion of the chancel was added in the early Norman period. If this were so, it would be natural to put an altar in the nave as soon as the chancel was enlarged. . . . Shortly after the introduction of the nave altar, a third altar was desired, but the ground outside was not favourable for building a chapel contiguous to the chancel; hence the addition of the eastern gallery for the purpose of containing the desired third altar, the roof, which had been low, being accordingly raised.' It may have been a chapel for monks, or a family chantry.

The oak railing or balustrade which still stands in front of this gallery dates back, like the latter, to the twelfth century. It deserves note as one of the few specimens now to be found in the country of woodwork which is undoubtedly of the Norman period.

When we leave Compton behind us, and bend our steps towards Guildford, our rambles are nearing an end. We can still tread the pilgrims' path, and, like them, make our way beneath the woods of Loseley to St. Catherine's Hill, whose sandy knoll is still crowned by the ruins of

the chapel from which it takes its name. Or we may climb the Hog's Back, and, ere we dip down to the valley of the Wey, enjoy once more the wide and varied prospect which opens out from the summit of the chalk ridge. Whichever route we choose, I do not think our wanderings in South-west Surrey, amid the pines and heather, by river and streamlet, and along many a richly-wooded vale, could more fittingly close than at the foot of the High Street of the old county town in which the past and the picturesque so pleasantly blend.

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